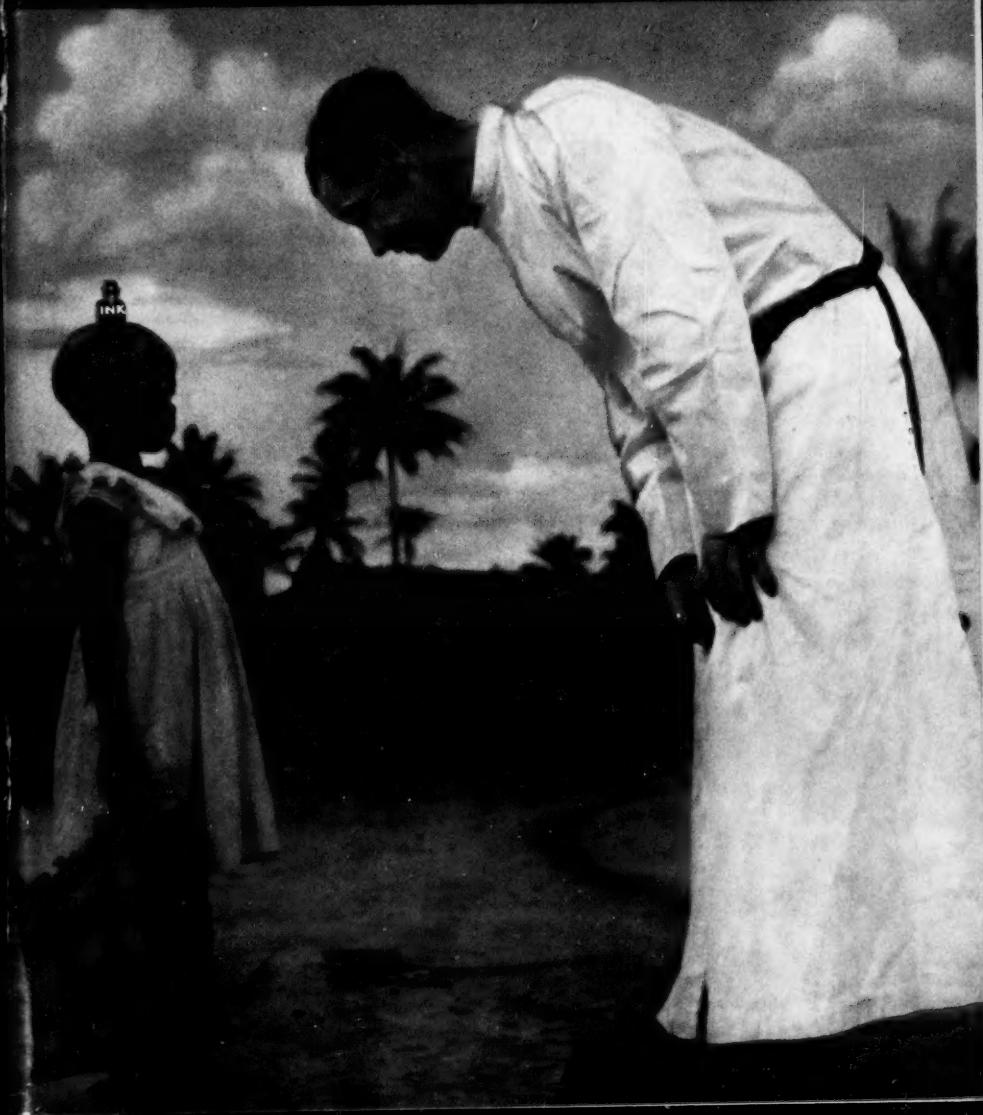


# Catholic Digest

APRIL 1953

35¢



# Catholic Digest

BIG U.S. SAT. D.P.



**COVER:** In Nigeria, West Africa, a Holy Ghost missionary talks with a schoolgirl. She carries her ink bottle on her head, native style. See picture story on pp. 118-124. Black Star Photo

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Our editorial policy follows St. Paul's advice: All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely and gracious in the telling . . . let this be the argument of your thought.

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# *A Letter to the Pope*

*And a story of a "Declaration of Dependence"*

By PAUL BUSSARD

LET'S invite everyone in the parish to write a letter to the Pope." It was the pastor speaking. We were sitting around after Confessions last Saturday, talking about the Holy Father's letter, *Christus Dominus*.

That is the letter in which he gave everyone permission to drink water any time and still receive Holy Communion. There are many other privileges which hard workers or the sick can make use of by asking permission from any confessor.

The pastor was saying how wonderful the new rule is and how it ought to increase the reception of Holy Communion. I agreed. We have been agreeing with each other for about 35 years. Father Joe Lapinski and I were roommates in college, classmates through the seminary. Now he is the pastor and I his assistant priest.

He isn't a very big fellow but he has always had a lot of energy. In college he played end on the foot-

ball team, although he weighed only 120 pounds and was bowlegged to boot. Used to do fairly well, too. He weighs a little more now, but he is still bowlegged.

"What kind of a letter should they write?" I said. "It wouldn't make much sense for everyone just to say that he would receive Holy Communion oftener, would it? It ought to be better than that."

That was Saturday night. Father Joe does the parish work all week, while I spend the day hours trying to be editor of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. It is a happy arrangement made by the Archbishop of St. Paul. Priests are so scarce here that nearly everyone has two positions to fill and some of us three.

Sunday after lunch we were feeling just fine because we had been able to drink water before Mass. So we wrote out a letter we thought everyone in the parish should be invited to send to the Pope. This is how it went:





"We, the undersigned, members of the Immaculate Conception parish of Columbia Heights of the Archdiocese of Saint Paul, are deeply grateful for the spiritual opportunities Your Holiness has provided for us with the promulgation of *Christus Dominus*.

"At the same time, we sorrow with our fellow members of the Mystical Body of Christ who, by reason of governments motivated by atheistic communism, are deprived of the spiritual benefits we here so richly enjoy.

"We, therefore, have pledged ourselves, in gratitude to Your Holiness, to receive the Holy Eucharist this year twice as frequently as last year (except those of us who already are daily communicants and those who also now receive Holy Communion on more than half the days).

"We further pledge these extra spiritual works for the intention of Your Holiness. The year of our pledge will begin with the first Sunday of Lent. We humbly petition Your Holiness to bless our ef-

forts and, further, if it is pleasing to Your Holiness, that Your Holiness tell us which country we are to pray for. We have the honor, Your Holiness, to be your dutiful sons and daughters."

That was Sunday. Monday I had it typed in the office and, since the Chancery office is near by, I took it to the Archbishop. He thought it was a splendid idea, said he felt that the Pope would be quite pleased, made a correction or two, and sent me on my way.

That was Monday. Tuesday, Father Joe took the typescript over to the convent, asked Sister Alexius, whose penmanship is ten times better than that of Mr. Palmer, to copy it. Sister was finished at two o'clock in the morning, having tried four times, and having gotten, I trust, permission from the Superior to stay up that late.

Wednesday I took the beautiful copy to the office and had a dozen photostats made.

Thursday afternoon Father Joe held a meeting of the Rosary society. Our plan was to try it out on

them. There were 50 women at the meeting. Father Joe showed them the photostats. He then explained that they were only invited to sign it, that they were absolutely free to sign it or not, that he wouldn't urge them in any way.

Out of the 50, 45 signed it on the spot, some of them with tears in their eyes.

That was a *good sign*, we thought. So on Friday we had 1000 photostats made with the idea of giving every one who signed it a copy.

Saturday there was nothing to do, except hear Confessions.

Sunday, we all made a little sermon about the letter, read it to the people, and explained the *Christus Dominus*. We told the people that there were tables and pens in the vestibule and, if anyone wished, he could sign the letter, and that we would take it and the signatures to the Archbishop, who would send it all to the Holy Father. We also said there would be no priest in the vestibule, so that those who couldn't or who didn't wish to sign would

not be the least bit embarrassed.

We reminded them that the big lie of the communists was, "You have nothing to lose but your chains," and that if you fall for that lie you really are asking for chains. In this project, we pointed out, the big truth is that "you have nothing to lose but your sins."

We thought perhaps a few hundred, maybe 300 or 400 would sign it. Still, we were optimistic enough to have 1000 photostats on hand on the general principle that a person ought to be prepared for unexpected success.

Well, what do you think? We ran out of photostats, and had to announce that those who didn't get one could get it next Sunday.

Monday, Father Joe and I took the letter and the (more than 1300) signatures to Archbishop Murray. He appeared thrilled. For a while I thought he would read every signature. He read several pages, commenting on the great number of men (equal to the women) and the great diversity of national origins (at least eight).



## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

Then he said, "I'll write my letter right away, so that you can put this in the mail today."

He went into his office, came back with this in longhand: "Your Holiness: The enclosed message has been prepared by one of my pastors, who wishes to express the appreciation of himself and his parishioners for the privileges accorded them by the Constitution *Christus Dominus*, as an incentive to more frequent Communions by those who formerly found it a hardship to observe the Eucharistic fast.

"To their appreciation I wish to add my own and that of all the clergy and people of the Archdiocese of Saint Paul in the United States.

"With sincere filial homage and

\*     \*     \*

begging the Apostolic Blessing, I remain, Your devoted son in Christ, John Gregory Murray, Archbishop of Saint Paul."

We put the letter in the mailbox outside the chancery office.

Now everyone seems to be happy about the whole thing. When the Holy Father sends his blessing and tells us what country we are praying for, we will make photo-stats of that and give one to every signer of what we now call the *Declaration of Dependence*. We figure that they will be framed and hung in hundreds of homes in the parish. We, all of us, hope that an A-bomb doesn't blow them all to smithereens and that if an A-bomb doesn't, our parishioners' fervor will have as much to do with it as anything else.

### Flights of Fancy

Fun is when happiness wags its tail.—*Clarence B. Kelland*

Rows of well-mannered poplars escorted the road to the city.—*Eric Sevareid*

Silent as a wall.—*Felix Timmermans*

He catches opinions like he does colds.—*John Ruskin*

With eyes opened loud.—*Carol Anderson*

Our "Good mornings" crashed head on.—*Pat McAtee*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

A Gothic spire speared the midnight skies.—*Pat McAtee*

A bolt of silence struck the nursery.—*Nord Riley*

She felt in italics and thought in capitals.—*Henry James*

The little man had family circles under his eyes.—*E. Taylor*

Some people glamour for attention.—*Michael Foster*

Alcohol removes the finish from people faster than it does from furniture.—*Hudson Newsletter* (Dec. '52)

# Room For All

*In Toledo, Catholics, Protestants, Jews show how they get along together*

By C. B. PALMER  
Condensed from the  
*New York Times Magazine\**

**I**T SEEMS there was a Jew, a Catholic, and some Protestants. They all wanted a certain piece of land in Toledo.

Owens-Illinois Glass owned the land. The company had bought it originally for a research center, but the neighbors didn't like the idea. Owens abandoned the project, letting their employees use it for individual garden plots. It seemed a waste to various interested parties.

Congregation B'nai Israel, oldest and largest Jewish group in Toledo, needed a new location, to keep up with the westward migration of its members. The Ursuline Sisters, famous educators, needed more facilities, for similar reasons. The city of Toledo, with a school adjoining the site, wanted more playground area. At various times all of these inquired about the property. Owens-Illinois did not like to favor one over the other; also, it did not care

to put the property up for competitive bidding among groups that had, each in its own way, the public welfare at heart.

It looked as if the 18 acres would stay in bean patches and cabbage rows. But this satisfied nobody. The rabbi of Congregation B'nai Israel made a suggestion. He asked the glass company if it would be all right if he tried to work out a parceling-out of the land. All parties would share it, instead of each party trying to get all of it. Owens-Illinois said that would be fine.

The result was an amicable split of the acreage. The rabbi, Dr. Morton S. Goldberg, consulted the mother superior of the Ursuline convent, Mother Vincent de Paul, and various city officials. The point of the discussions was who could get by with how much.

The arrangement worked out this way: the city, which had other playground facilities in the neighborhood, would settle for about an acre, in a narrow strip. The nuns would get about 11 acres, in a plot with regular boundaries. The synagogue, which wished access from two streets, would get an L-shaped plot totaling about six acres.

At an early stage of the discussions, the convent felt that it needed a certain 30-foot strip of land. The synagogue thought that it needed 15 feet of the same strip. One day Mother Vincent called Dr. Goldberg, and said, "I think we can get along with just the 15 feet." Dr.

\*Times Square, New York City. Jan. 23, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

Goldberg responded, "Let's stick to your original idea, and God bless you." Mother Vincent replied, "Dr. Goldberg, you may have the land."

This harmony was doubly compounded. When Owens-Illinois heard that agreement had been reached, it said that its price would be not the assessed valuation of more than \$50,000 but the original purchase price of \$23,728. When the officers of Congregation B'nai Israel heard this they decided to pay the whole price and donate to the others the parcels agreed upon. On Christmas morning Dr. Goldberg and the congregation president, Sidney Friedenthal, walked out to the convent and told Mother Superior. Later they made a similar pilgrimage to the council.

This was not only a pleasantly handled real-estate deal. It proved that Toledo can put faith to work for the common good.

For some years now Toledo has

been "a hushed city" for three hours on Good Friday. Business closes down, theaters are turned over to the churches. The Jewish Community center feeds at noon the neighborhood children of working mothers. The plot of land that Jews, Catholics, and the city have just divided is to be jointly landscaped, and there will be no fences. A Negro is rated "one of the best city councilors the city has ever had." A Negro boy heads the Youth Group of the Council of Churches.

Toledoans have found means not only to solve public-affairs problems but to prevent them. One man said, "These people have turned graceful compromise into a social science."

As Dr. Goldberg put it the other day, "In man's relation to man, there is an immense area where minds can meet. And it is in this area that the churches can and must work together."



### *Words That Move*

**O**UR bus driver has the perfect solution to his major problem. After his bus becomes crowded, he always chants in a nasal monotone: "Ladies and gentlemen, move to the rear. The rest of you stay up front with me."

*Senior Scholastic* (10 Dec. '52).



**T**HE stock mover in the neighborhood supermarket always has a tough time steering his cart through the usual traffic jam in the aisles. "Coming through," moves nobody. For "Gangway," a few men move. It takes "Watch your nylons!" to scatter the women.

*Long Lines* (Oct. '52).

# Visitors From Space?

*The reports on flying saucers add up to something more than the imagination of those who say they have seen them*

By DAVID BARKER

Condensed from *Outlook*\*

SIGHTINGS of flying saucers are on record as far back as the late 18th century. Most of the early reports are from the United Kingdom and Europe; the first sightings on record in America occurred in 1873.

In 1870 on Sept. 26 the London *Times* reported that an elliptical object with some kind of tail had been seen crossing the moon, taking almost 30 seconds to do so.

In 1871 on Aug. 1 a large round body was visible over Marseilles for about 15 minutes. It moved slowly across the sky at great height.

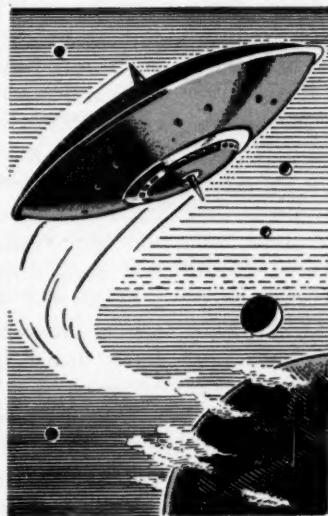
In 1882 on the night of Nov. 17 thousands in England saw a huge cigar-shaped object emitting a greenish light. It passed across the sky from horizon to horizon, taking about two minutes in transit. It was seen by E. W. Maunder, astronomer at the Royal Observatory,

Greenwich. He published an account of the incident in the observatory's journal. The object was estimated to be moving 133 miles above the earth at 10 miles a second.

In 1897 on April 19, a torpedo-shaped craft about 200 feet long and some 30 feet in diameter was seen in the early morning over Sisterville, W. Va. It circled the town for about ten minutes and swept the countryside with searchlights.

A similar object had been reported in late March, first near Sacramento, then near Denver, and subsequently over Omaha (March 29), Kansas City, Eldora, Milwaukee, and St. Louis (April 9-16).

In the last war, pilots reported circular flying objects over Europe and on the bombing route to Japan. The objects were nicknamed "foo fighters" or "Kraut fireballs," but there never was an explanation.



\*P. O. Box 3411, Kowloon, Hong Kong. December, 1952. Copyright 1952, and reprinted with permission.

From 1947 to now there has been a tremendous increase in the frequency of sightings. Many saucers have been tracked by radar, and their size and speed measured with precision instruments; a few have been photographed. A huge elliptical craft observed over the White Sands rocket proving ground in New Mexico was calculated to be flying 56 miles above the earth at 18,000 mph. Several other saucers have been estimated at 500 feet in diameter.

One of the most detailed and convincing reports in recent years was supplied by two pilots of an Eastern airlines DC-3. They are ex-Lieut.-Col. C. S. Chiles, U. S. Air Transport Command, and J. B. Whitted, wartime pilot of B-29's. At 2:45 A.M. on July 23, 1948, they were flying from Houston to Boston. A brilliant projectile-like craft came hurtling towards them, and both craft had to veer sharply to avoid collision. The strange object passed 700 feet away, its jet wash rocking the airliner. The pilots described the craft as being about 100 feet long, cigar-shaped, wingless, and without fins, and about twice the diameter of a B29. It had two rows of windows and what appeared to be a pilot's cabin, and was traveling at 500-700 mph, leaving a red-orange exhaust trail 30-50 feet long. The object was also seen by the one passenger who happened to be awake.

On Jan. 7, 1948, a huge gleaming

object several hundred feet in diameter was seen over Madisonville, Ky., and shortly afterwards over Godman air force base, 90 miles away, where it hovered overhead for almost an hour.

Three P-51 fighters, led by Captain Mantell, took off to investigate. When Mantell sighted the object it was directly above him, starting to climb, and making half his speed. "It looks metallic," he radioed to base, "and it's tremendous in size!" The other pilots had also sighted the object, but Mantell, in an effort to close in, outclimbed them, and was quickly lost in the clouds.

Five minutes later he reported that the object had speeded up and was climbing at 360 mph or more. Two minutes later he radioed: "It's still above me, making my speed or better. I'm going up to 20,000 feet. If I'm no closer, I'll abandon chase." Shortly afterwards his fighter disintegrated.

As the tragedy of Mantell's death became known at Godman field, the same craft, or one very similar, was seen simultaneously at Madisonville and Lexington, 165 miles apart, thus indicating that it was flying at a height considerably over 30 miles.

It seems very probable that it was the same craft, which had made a swift ascent to this level after Mantell's last report. Two hours later a large oval object was sighted over Lockburne air force base, Colum-

### *The Moon*

THE Hayden Planetarium, New York City, has taken more than 24,000 space-travel applications. Although there's nothing certain about it, the planetarium people have a round trip to the moon scheduled to leave the earth at 8 A.M., EST, May 30, 1975. Besides applications from people in every state in the Union, the planetarium has had letters from many foreign countries. The planetarium does not guarantee the departure date of May 30, 1975, but will turn over all its applications for reservations to commercial space-lines if and when the day comes for the great adventure.

Virginia Irwin in the St. Louis Post Dispatch (14 Sept. '53)

loon-shaped objects, and balls of light. Of the reports investigated by the American Air Force in the last five years, 23.54% describe disk or spherical shapes, 8.25% torpedo or cigar shapes, and 0.6% balls of light.

Probably some of the sightings can be simply explained. They could be astronomical bodies or merely products of the imagination to be classified with leprechauns and mermaids. But there remains a hard core of well-documented evidence which seems to put the saucers beyond the realm of natural phenomena. Of the 800 reports investigated by the air force, 15% were of this nature.

One theory is that the saucers are aircraft from another planet. The possibility that life exists on other planets besides our own has been recognized by astronomers for many years.

In our solar system, life may exist on two other planets besides our own, Mars and Venus. It is believed that Wolf 359, eight light-years from the earth, is the nearest star outside our universe likely to have inhabited planets. Theologians are paying increasing attention to the religious implications of existence of intelligent beings on other planets. Against this background the thesis that the saucers are interplanetary aircraft seems less fantastic.

My own conclusion is that the interplanetary interpretation of fly-

bus, Ohio, 300 miles away. There it was observed for 20 minutes, and was stationary part of the time. A similar object had also been reported over other points in Ohio. It would seem that all the reports that came in that afternoon from Kentucky and Ohio related to the same object, the one that Mantell lost his life in chasing.

Mantell's was one of 373 sightings investigated by the American air force intelligence between 1947 and 1949. The flying objects fall into four groups: flying disks, torpedo or cigar-shaped bodies without wings or fins, spherical or bal-

ing saucers is the most plausible one on the evidence available. It is the only one which makes sense of the facts as reported. It fits in convincingly with astronomical data, and a close parallel can be drawn between the activities of the saucers and our own plans for space travel.

I am not alone in drawing this conclusion. Dr. Maurice Biot, a leading aerodynamicist, has stated, "The least improbable explanation is that these things are artificial and controlled. My opinion is that

they have an extraterrestrial origin."

His views are endorsed by Dr. Walther Riedel, once chief designer and director of research at the German rocket center at Peenemunde. The American air force intelligence is reported as "being continually astounded by the number of trained scientists who believe they are interplanetary in origin." Whatever you may think about the saucers, you must agree that they pose a problem for every intelligent person.

---

## Conversation in a Flying Saucer

By TOM COOPER

Condensed from *Perpetual Help*\*

"DADDY, what are all those colored lights for down on the planet Earth?" Daddy was looking straight ahead, his hands on the chromium controls, as the little saucer streaked through the stratosphere. Mother, in the back, was watching the twinkling colors in the windows of cities.

The saucer had been cruising along westward across the Atlantic at about 1,000 miles an hour. Now the lights of cities along the eastern seaboard came into view. Mother named them, as rapidly as she could before they slipped out

of view. "New York, Washington, Baltimore. Now, right below us, is Chicago. There is Denver; now we are over Los Angeles, named for our Lady, Queen of the Angels . . . ."

"Mummy, why does Earth look so beautiful tonight?" Mother tried to explain something she but dimly understood herself. "Because this is a great holiday on earth. This is what they call Christmastide. Poor mortals sing songs in the snow, and light their windows with colored lights, because many moons ago God . . . ."

\**Esopus*, N. Y. January, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Redemptorist Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

"But why do you call them poor mortals, mummy?"

"Because they are so different from us. They must suck in air to keep alive. They must plant and plow and reap to have food to eat. They shiver when it's cold. And after they live a while, their teeth ache and then fall out. Their skin dries up and wrinkles and their bones burn with pain. They do not live on and on as we do. They stop breathing and their bodies stiffen and get cold, and after a few days they must be put away in a hole in the ground. That's what they call *death*. That's why I called them poor."

"But why aren't they like us? Why are they so different?"

"Because they sinned. They disobeyed God's first command. You remember that I told you how God made this whole wonderful universe, how He put men on Earth, and *us* on our own planet.

"Well, when God put *our* first parents in the Golden Castle, He told them to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. They could make themselves at home in every room, climb any stairway, except one that led up into a tiny tower on the roof. *Our* first parents did just what God commanded, and we have all been happy since. We do not mind heat or cold. We grow up but never get old. And we never die. All we will do is move from here to the vision of God in heaven.

"But men down on Earth disobeyed. God put their first parents in a beautiful garden, and told them they might eat anything they saw excepting the fruit of one special tree. That was their test, and they failed. They ate the fruit that God forbade and God cursed the Earth because of their sin. So you see why they are *poor* mortals."

"Yes, mummy, but what is Christmas? Why do Earth men light candles and sing songs in the cold? Why are they so happy if they all suffer cold and grow old and have to be put into the ground when they die?"

"Christmas is their biggest anniversary. It recalls the most wonderful thing that ever happened anywhere in the whole universe. On Christmas, God went down to the Earth and lived there among men."

"But, mummy, I thought you said no one can see God except in heaven! How did the Earth men know God was living among them? Could they see Him with their eyes?"

"Yes, child, they could see Him with their eyes. He was born a little baby boy, and He grew up. And He suffered cold just like other poor mortals. And whenever He met a sick man or someone who was blind or lame, He found the time to cure him.

He told the Earth men He was God. He invited them to leave off

sinning and follow Him and be like God. And then they killed Him. I know, child, it's hard to understand, but that's what happened."

"Well, now they must be really poor. Now they must be cursed for fair. And they deserve to have heaven closed to them forever. But I still don't understand why they celebrate God's birthday, if they killed Him."

"There are many things you will never understand about God. He is so good that He does things we would never dream of doing. He loves the Earth men for some reason of His own. He still wants them in heaven.

"The very Queen of heaven is a woman of Earth. It was she who brought Him forth on Christmas. She held God in her arms. Imagine that! She is the only one on Earth who never sinned. And anything

she asks of her Son, He gives her. That is why the Earth is so merry tonight. Because, despite all its sins, it can claim the Queen of heaven as its own. Because Mary can ask her Son to help them into heaven, and they know He will."

"Mummy, I don't think they're poor mortals. I think they are better off than we are. We have never seen God. He never came to our planet to live. We have no Christmas. I wish I could go down there tonight and sing songs in the cold and light candles and call God my Baby Brother."

In the back seat of the flying saucer the mother was smiling at the wisdom of her child. She remembered hearing somewhere that down on the planet Earth on a day they called Holy Saturday they even dared to sing, "O happy sin of Adam that won for us so wondrous a Redeemer!"



### *Freedom for Communists— Even for Cats*

STALIN one day was giving Mao Tse-tung instruction in practical communism.

"Comrade," said Stalin, "how would you make a cat eat chili pepper?"

"There are two ways," answered Mao. "I could force it down him or I could stuff a fish with pepper and give the fish to the cat."

"Wrong," said Stalin. "It's not compatible with our ideology. The first method is coercion, the second, deception. You know we never coerce or deceive the people."

"Then how would you do it," asked Mao.

"I would rub the pepper on the cat's tail," answered Stalin. "When it burns, the cat would turn around to lick his tail, thus eating the pepper voluntarily."

*The Tester* (18 Sept., '52).

# Russian Friends of the West

*We have 200 million allies in Russia,  
but we must give them a fair deal*

By EUGENE LYONS

DURING the last war nearly a million Soviet citizens donned German uniforms in the desperate hope of ridding themselves of their bolshevik dictatorship. The man in charge of recruiting was Gen. Ernst Koestring. He had long, intimate knowledge of the Russian people.

General Koestring was taken prisoner in the final stage of the conflict. "We Germans," he said bitterly to his American captors, "through ignorance, greed, and inefficiency, squandered our greatest capital in the struggle against bolshevism. You will not understand me now when I tell you that in these weeks you have been destroying that capital for a second time."

His words must have sounded like gibberish and his bitterness without point. But in the perspective of nearly eight years, General Koestring's remarks are vastly significant. They sum up a vital lesson of the last war that we are only beginning to understand. The lesson, if properly grasped and applied, may be decisive in the

present struggle against bolshevism.

The "capital" to which the German general referred was the intense hostility of the Russian population toward the Soviet regime. That was what the Germans had squandered by terrorizing the Russian peoples instead of using them as allies against the Kremlin.

America and Britain were then in the process of repeating Hitler's blunder. They were handing over to Stalin, for torture and slaughter, Soviet nationals who had fought against him. They were beginning the large-scale forced repatriation of Soviet citizens who refused to return to their native land.

Millions of Red troops had refused to fight for Stalin. Naively, wishfully trusting, the Soviet population nearly everywhere had welcomed the German invaders as liberators.

Even after nazi race arrogance, atrocities, and moral violence had turned that initial welcome into fierce resistance, close to a million of Stalin's subjects volunteered to fight with the Germans. Their

number could have been two or three times as large had the Hitler policies toward the Russians been more humane and intelligent.

These facts add up to one of the prime secrets of the 2nd World War. Though known to the high commands of all the belligerent nations, they were hidden from the public. The secret was so well kept at the time, and since, that even today it is not generally enough known.

Soviet Russia and its democratic allies concealed it for self-evident morale reasons. But strangely enough, even the nazis soft-pedaled the facts, preferring to claim hard-fought triumphs rather than victories by the enemy's virtual default. Besides, the picture of Russians in revolt against bolshevism did not jibe with the Hitler idea of Slavs as subhumans, *Untermenschen*, fit only to be exploited as colonial slaves.

Today it is vitally important that the secret be fully exposed and explored. It has a lot to teach us in relation to the present world crisis. With respect to the Russian peoples, the free nations have a plain but crucial choice. They can repeat the German mistake, or make friends and allies of 200 million people in a common struggle against the Kremlin oligarchy. The decision may well spell the fate of mankind, whether in the current cold war or in a shooting war if it comes.

In the first months of the German invasion, entire Red regiments, divisions, and even armies surrendered with only token resistance. Because of this half-hearted defense, the attackers took more than 3 million prisoners in the first five months.

The claim that the Soviets were "caught unawares" is largely face-saving propaganda. Preparations for the offensive, involving thousands of big and little officials, had been under way for eight months. Soviet agents were planted among the nazis on all levels. German troop concentrations in frontier areas and reconnaissance flights over Soviet soil were too massive to escape attention.

It is too much to believe that Stalin, who trusted no one else, had chosen to trust Hitler and to discount the mighty activities at his doorstep. Under the guise of maneuvers, in fact, a secret Soviet mobilization had been under way in border zones from the Baltic to the Black sea. The Red armies were well equipped, and the Kremlin had had 22 months in which to study German blitz techniques. Yet the Red forces melted away.

After all the alibis are considered, the central truth remains: that the Soviet war machine lacked the will to fight. The fantastic military debacle was political. It reflected the defeatist mood of the population.

In villages everywhere the peas-

ants greeted the advancing Germans with the traditional offering of bread and salt. In the towns, streets were garlanded with flowers, houses were placarded with crudely lettered messages of welcome. Red war prisoners begged to be allowed to turn their guns against Stalin, while civilians flocked to volunteer for noncombatant work under the conquerors.

The Soviet regime might have been crushed with the ardent support of its subjects, had the Germans treated the people decently.

The claim is sometimes made that only Ukrainians, Tartars, and other "non-Russians" worked with the Germans. It is therefore worth noting official German evidence that "the best fighters" among Soviet volunteers included Great Russians. The claim, moreover, makes no sense in view of the fact that the largest formation of Soviet nationals in German uniforms, the Russian Army of Liberation (ROA), was headed by a pure Russian, Gen. Andrei Vlassov, its ranks filled mostly by Russians.

The Vlassov army, Harwith von Bittenfeld declares, "could have been greatly expanded if Hitler had not feared it would finally turn against him." That fear was well founded. With few exceptions the Soviet volunteers were patriots, not pro-Hitler but anti-Stalin, and determined in their hearts to deal with the Germans after the defeat of bolshevism.

Thousands of exiles from the Soviet Union have confirmed the views of the Germans. We shall never know whether a more sensible conciliatory policy toward the Soviet masses would have given Germany victory in the East. We do know that the Soviet regime was tottering under the military blows, mass defections of troops, and general hostility of its subjects.

Stalin was saved by Hitler. Had the nazis been aiming to bolster the Kremlin government, they could scarcely have behaved any differently. The *Reichswehr* treated the conquered regions with some tact, if only for reasons of military expediency. But behind it came the nazi fanatics, the SS Blackshirts, and civilian Brownshirts, with their bestial race theories and lust for blood. They gave their victims only the tragic choice between foreign and home-grown despots. They drove the masses to rally around Stalin.

German occupation officials exterminated Jews and decimated the non-Jewish population. They deliberately insulted the inhabitants by treating them as subhumans. They refused to allow the peasants to abolish the hated collective-farm system. Soviet prisoners of war, including the deserters, were starved, frozen, and abused; and soon enough escaped prisoners spread the story to the whole nation.

Stalin and his cohorts could

afford to smile again. Desertions fell off. The hope with which the invaders had been met turned to despair, the friendship turned to hatred, eager collaboration turned into guerrilla warfare.

But Stalin the realist never shared the illusions about the loyalty of his subjects to the Soviets which were being spread abroad by our OWI and other Allied propaganda agencies. He told Harry Hopkins and other foreign visitors candidly, "The people are not fighting for me or the Soviet system, but only for their country and their soil."

No, Stalin was not fooling himself. He knew that the people were fighting not *for* him but *despite* him. He knew that the story might have been different if the invaders had really come as liberators rather than enslavers.

For nearly a quarter of a century the Soviet regime had been molding the old generation and rearing a new one in its own grim image. Toward this end it had applied its monopoly of force, the physical force that breaks bodies and the propaganda force that maims spirits. Millions who would not be broken to the new pattern were destroyed.

Presumably a new "Soviet man," hand-tooled product of the communist era, had displaced the historic Russian. Then, on the morning of June 22, 1941, came the great test of the portentous handi-

work. The German army attacked.

One would expect that in the hour of crisis Stalin and his brethren would summon their new "Soviet men" to a crusade in defense of the Soviet society. Wouldn't they invoke the hallowed names of Marx and Lenin? Here, finally, was the payoff on two decades of indoctrination and terror.

But they did not. Instead, the Kremlin appealed to the maligned past and its heroes, as if the Soviet epoch had not been. It exhorted the people to revive the spirit that defeated Napoleon's Grand army more than a century earlier. The communist years were barely mentioned, Marx and Lenin were discreetly forgotten.

Stalin himself, in his first broadcast on July 3, avoided the ritual formulas, the clichés of communist double talk. He summoned the shades of heroic national leaders out of the Tsarist past. He called the people to "a national war of liberation." It was an appeal to the heart and soul of the historic Russia.

The speech was duly reported in the outside world, where its meaning was missed or ignored.

The peoples of Russia understood. They knew that Stalin was saying in effect, "Though you hate me and my fellow dictators, this is no time for settling scores. Your country is in danger." They sensed, in his references to the democratic allies and freedom, an implied

promise of some democracy for themselves, too.

It is high time that the free world grasped the implications of this return to the past. In acts as well as words, the Soviet regime confessed its utter failure to sell the Soviet system to its subjects. It confessed that neither propaganda nor terror had destroyed the historic Russian; the faceless and godless "Soviet man" was a myth.

Not until victory seemed certain were the communist ideology and its trappings restored, piece by piece. Until then, everything Soviet, everything communist, was forgotten; even Stalin's name was used sparingly. Most revealing of all, a large measure of religious freedom was restored to placate the people. Church bells, long outlawed, rang out again even over radio.

But at no time was the Soviet terror relaxed. From the first day to the last, the Kremlin fought a war on two fronts: against the foreign enemy and against its own people. The crack NKVD divisions were held in reserve at all times for the home front. Not even in Hitler Germany was the struggle against "the enemy within" so massive, panicky or bloody.

One fact stands out as the most important and encouraging in the world equation today. It is the gulf of mutual distrust and hatred that separates the Soviet regime from the peoples of Russia. In cold or

hot war, our greatest potential capital is opposition of enslaved Soviet masses to overlords in the Kremlin. The task of political or psychological warfare, its great historic opportunity, is to transform that potential into actuality.

But we, like the Germans, will squander that capital unless we comprehend and ponder Hitler's blunder. Unfortunately, we have a lot to live down. It will be hard to forge an alliance with the Russian peoples over the heads of their rulers. The German betrayal of their naive hopes left the Russians bitterly skeptical toward the West as a whole.

Then Allied conduct deepened that skepticism. In line with a British-American deal with Stalin at Yalta, we sent back hundreds of thousands of Soviet men and women from Central Europe at bayonet point. We surrendered to Stalin anti-Soviet elements such as the Vlassov fighters. That will not easily be forgotten or forgiven by the Russian peoples.

The job of psychological warfare today is to convince the Soviet population of our basic integrity. We must act to restore their faith in the West. As far as we can, we must repair the mischief done by wartime and postwar appeasements of their Soviet tyrants. Those peoples must be made aware that we are their friends, that we understand their ordeal, and sympathize with their aspirations for freedom.

*The problem is perennial but so is the solution*

## Teen-Agers . . .

By ABIGAIL HEATH  
Condensed from *McCall's*\*

EVERYBODY, it seems to me, has climbed onto the teen-ager band wagon. Comic strips, plays, and radio and TV serials glorify teen-agers. Magazines and radio stations hold forums for them to tell how their parents don't understand them. Family-relations "experts" make a dandy living printing reams about how we mothers and fathers are falling down.

Frankly, I'm fed up. I think parents are people and should have some rights themselves. And I think something awful is being done to the kids. They're told by these "experts" that it is perfectly normal for them to be "problems." When my two children don't agree with me, they pat me on the head, literally as well as figuratively, and mutter, "Mother, don't be senile."

The other morning I was having the usual struggle getting my 16-year-old Elizabeth out of bed. As she emerged groggily, she said crossly, "I don't know how daddy ever put up with you all these years. You're so mean."

Dad overheard. I pushed him downstairs, before his blood pressure went through the roof. Liz won that round. But the more I thought about it the more I burned. The old Victorian days when

papa's word was law were rough on the kids, but sometimes I can't help yearning to see a youngster jump when I open my mouth.

Don't think these youngsters aren't aware of the ammunition that magazines and newspapers are putting into their hands. The other afternoon Liz and her best friend, Jeannie, were poring over the evening paper. Said Jeannie, "Here's another article on teen-agers. We'd better read it and be sure it's on our side before we let the old folks see it."

I suppose we do seem terribly out of date to these kids. But it can't help but hurt when they make it so painfully obvious.



\*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. January, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

My husband is a very good dancer, and we have always enjoyed going out together. But not now when the children are along. If dad and I dance at a restaurant the children nearly die of mortification. The next day I am treated to a long lecture on trying to act young and only looking foolish.

I used to take pleasure in dressing up for my husband. But now I don't dare. I have to dress for my two teen-agers, and a grim business it is. Often have I had a dress or hat I thought was pretty smart until George or Liz made a face and said, "Oh no, mother, not that."

In some ways 18-year-old George is worse than Liz. He rarely brings a girl home to dinner. When he does, he goes into a tailspin about what I should wear, what we should eat, and how it should be served. By the time the guest arrives I am such a wreck that everything goes wrong.

Liz isn't so hard to entertain for. When she wants a thing done she attends to it herself. But she is devastating when I have to make a public appearance as her mother. Perhaps I am going to school to see her teacher. Liz goes over my outfit with a fine-tooth comb. She is terrified for fear I will make a fool of myself before her friends, and she gets me in such a state that the chances are I do. (However, I suppose I should be pleased that she lets me appear at all. One of

### *Tact Is of the Essence*

"AND you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger." (St. Paul to the Ephesians, vi, 4.) This fault is the result not so much of excessive severity as of impatience and of ignorance of means best calculated to effect a desired correction; it is also due to the all too common relaxation of parental discipline which fails to check the growth of evil passions in the hearts of the younger generation.

From *Christian Education of Youth* by Pope Pius XI (31 Dec. '29).

her classmates never took home a notice of the PTA meetings because she was ashamed of the way her mother dressed.)

These teen-agers are such frightful little snobs, and so righteous about it. We are a two-car family, of necessity. Dad takes the respectable car to the office, and I have Betsy, a decrepit old sedan that we bought when the kids were little, which I use for marketing.

As both of the children have a driver's license now, Betsy is also available for them to take to parties or on dates. But it has to be a dark night and a dire emergency before they will condescend to drive Betsy. And then they will park her blocks away from the party and skulk in on foot. (If Betsy were a coupe instead of a sedan she would be O.K. She

We must return to the days when family life was simple and sincere. We must return to the beautiful, refreshing custom of family prayer. The family that kneels together in common prayer builds a fortress against the angry waves of evil and temptation. I am convinced that evil in the world will be reduced to the realm of insignificance if families return again to the simple, old-fashioned practice of daily prayer.

J. Edgar Hoover.

would even be chic. A used-car dealer told me he could sell battered old coupes many times over.) Usually, the children pace the floor waiting for father to come home so they can have the family car.

Once in a while father asserts himself. As punishment for thoughtlessness, the kids cannot use the car for a specified time. The children mope around the house as though in chains and feeding on bread and water. They hold long phone conversations full of malicious digs at father and me. They fight with each other. They sass me. If they deign to talk to father, every sentence drips with sarcasm.

It is far easier to give in than to keep the rule. But sometimes father is mad enough to hold out. (It's easier for him. He goes to the office.)

And the telephone! It is, of course, their private property. Be-

tween the phone and radio, I feel punch drunk. When dad or I get a call, the kids actually resent it. They stand and glare, tapping feet impatiently. Dad had a business emergency one Sunday that entailed numerous long-distance calls. Finally, Liz tearfully accused him of sabotaging her social life.

When the children were smaller I could enforce rules. In fact, I had pretty well-behaved youngsters. Once in a while if they got out of hand I could get relief by dropping them off at a double feature. Today what can I do? I nag until I am tired of the sound of my own voice. They are too big to spank. And they have that blissful assurance, inculcated by the new dogma, that Their Parents Don't Understand Them. Whatever we do is automatically wrong.

One night at dinner when we had guests Liz came back for six helpings of roast beef. Every time Father picked up his fork her plate was back for more of everything. We both kept glaring at her.

She paid no attention. She even let out a notch in her belt. Her cheeks got puffy. I was embarrassed. Our guests would surely think the only time the girl ever got a good dinner was when we had company. Dad and I both remonstrated with her after the guests left.

The next time we had company for dinner Liz wouldn't eat a thing. The guests kept saying how

good everything was and what a shame Liz didn't eat. She just sat there, toying with a radish and a glass of water. When the company had left she said, "Did I keep my family from being humiliated this time?"

Liz is always saying, "I can hardly wait until I have my own place, where I can do what I want to!" Father and I take this slap in the face as routine. But once in a while, just after I have cleaned up after Miss Liz, I remind her that having her own place will mean housework as well as freedom from supervision.

Liz has the answer to that too. "That will be fun, mother. I'll be doing things for myself then. It's washing up your kitchen that I hate."

The summer George was 15 he slept until noon every day. For some reason there is nothing more irritating than the sight of a huge teen-age boy sprawled in bed getting his 16 hours of shut-eye.

Father fussed at George for being lazy until sonny got a job. It was at an aircraft plant, washing dishes in the cafeteria. He wanted us to buy him a car, as the plant was a good 45 minutes' drive from home. We compromised. I promised to act as his private chauffeur.

When George got home he'd sink down on the living-room couch. Nobody in the family or anywhere else ever did a day's work but him. George would order

us to bring him refreshing drinks.

With a dateless daughter, you really suffer. You can only sit and watch her anguish. Then along comes the Great Passion (some male she won't look at a year hence) and you have to watch your smitten daughter jump through hoops. You don't dare say a word against him lest you get that cold "Mother, don't be senile."

Liz's first Big Moment, Jerry, was fat, freckled and sarcastic. We forgave him, because he invited her to the junior prom. The night before the dance Jerry phoned that he'd been taken sick and couldn't go. Liz had a beautiful new tulle formal. While she wept, I went over the list of my friends who had male children. I finally persuaded one of my fellow church members to bully her son into dating Liz for the prom. Liz had an awful time, and I took advantage of her unhappiness to tell her that I hoped she would cross Jerry off her list. Liz agreed.

The next day I walked into the living room to find Jerry sprawled

THE young daughter paid her mother the highest compliment when she introduced her as a speaker at a mother-and-daughter banquet, by saying, "She's my mother. I had nothing to say about that. But I can choose my friends, and she's first on my list."

*Up-Down Chat (July '51).*

pompously on the couch. Liz, dazed and moony, was stretched out on the floor, gazing up into his freckled mug. You can't win.

During the years I've spent with my teen-age children growing up I've heard everything. I've been made to feel like a worm, and I have seen my wonderfully good-natured husband get so mad I real-

ly feared for his emotional stability.

The teen-agers have had far too much publicity. What about poor mother and father, who are standing with far more reluctant feet in that complex period known as middle age? Why doesn't someone write articles and hold radio forums about handling us with kid gloves?

## Parents . . .

By RICHARD LACEY  
Condensed from *Parent's\**

**A**s a composition topic in one of my senior English classes, I assigned "What's Wrong with Teen-agers today?" One girl started her essay as follows: "What's wrong with teen-agers today? I can tell you in one word—parents!"

I, a parent as well as a teacher, was shocked. But after talking with scores of teen-agers and thinking back on the problems they've discussed with me over the years, I'm inclined to agree with the verdict.

I believe that many teen-agers would be happier and better adjusted if their parents were to change some of their attitudes.

The vogue today, it seems to me, is to condemn teen-agers as a group. Let's reverse the usual order of things and see what teenagers themselves say in presenting a "code for parents."

*Stop overemphasizing school marks.* This is a universal gripe among teen-agers. It haunts them night and day in many families. "I work like a dog in geometry," says Bob, "and I think I'm lucky if I get a C. But d'you suppose that's good enough for my dad? No, sir. He was a mathematical genius in school, and all I hear is 'When are you going to make A in geometry?' It gets me down."

Perhaps parents don't realize that some of their sons and daughters just don't have it in them to get an A; many of them can't even get a B. Of course, good grades should be encouraged, but constant nagging on the part of the parent can only cause resentment and eventually apathy.

*Avoid making odious comparisons between your child and his*

*friends.* Teen-agers literally grind their teeth when this is mentioned. "If I ever run away from home," says Mary, "it'll be because I want to get off by myself where I'm not always reminded of how Susan does the dishes every night, or how Ann is always so sweet to her parents!"

As in the case of school marks, every teen-ager obviously has different and special abilities. The boy next door may be an outstanding athlete. But if your son doesn't have the same kind of coordination, don't expect him to be a three-letter man.

Above all, don't make comparisons between your teen-age sons and daughters and yourselves. Carol expressed it perfectly, I think, when she wrote in her composition, "Parents should remember a little more and expect a little less."

*Don't question constantly what son and daughter do with their time.* They are more apt to talk to you about themselves and their activities if you don't seem to be prying into their affairs. Teen-agers object particularly to being quizzed after a date or dance. They are perfectly willing to tell what they did and where they went, if they can do it in their own ways; not if it is being dragged out of them.



*Try not to embarrass your teen-age children in front of their friends.* You can do this by over-praising or criticizing them or by discussing childhood or family problems in front of friends. This, so teen-agers say, is one of modern parents' greatest weaknesses.

*Practice what you preach.* All teen-agers agree that it is exceedingly hard for them to live up to moral codes, rules, and laws if their own parents do not do so. For instance, what do you suppose the teen-ager sitting in the back seat is going to think and do if father drives 65 mph where the speed limit is 50? What is he going to think if father explains that what he did was all right because no one was looking?

*Remember that a teen-ager's problems and opinions are just as important to him as yours are to you.* Don't take the attitude that these matters are trivial merely because he is not an adult yet. Take the matter of dates, for instance. Naturally, a certain amount of teasing is all right in any family. But to a teen-ager, parental kidding about dates or about girl or boy friends is definitely resented. Dates are serious matters to your teenagers. It will help if you treat them as such.

*Don't treat your teen-ager as if he were still a child.* Even though at 17 or 18 your teen-ager is not an adult in the literal sense of the word, he does have his own positive ideas of what he wishes to do. Although he needs parental guidance, he should be encouraged to think for himself.

Girls say that their mothers insist on picking out all their clothes.

Boys will tell you that their fathers constantly try to steer them into their own colleges or their own line of work, even when they have neither interest nor aptitude for it. If we permit our children to make their own choices (within reasonable limits), to think independently, to be self-reliant, they will not only get along much better in society but be a lot easier to live with.

\*\*\*\*\*

## ... And God

WITH my social-work training and being a parent, I should know at least some of the answers. But the fact is that I have many moments of confusion in handling my own family.

I have had to face some perplexing problems with them. So will you. We all meet similar problems in dealing with teenagers. A few basic facts may help in the job you have to do at your house.

I have watched normal, everyday youngsters in their own homes and in institutions. I have watched the so-called delinquent in juvenile courts, and after not too much watching, it began to dawn on me that these teenagers are but the products of the environments we provide for them. If we want them to

By ALVENA BURNITE

Condensed from  
"Your Teen-Agers: How  
to Survive Them"\*

be good, we must talk to them about God.

I've heard parents repeat the stock phrase, "Oh, we never discuss religion or politics" too often. Why the two things are placed in the same category is beyond me. And why should anyone fear to talk about God?

It certainly doesn't take long to see what's wrong with *not* discussing God. Visit the nearest juvenile court. Case after case comes through where talk of God has been no part of family life.

Why not try to help our youngsters to see God as a Being close to them? We often make religion such a lofty business, such a chain of *thee's* and *thou's*, *reignest's* and *deignest's*, that sincerity and sim-

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plicity are completely lost. Help the young people know God as the One to whom we have the responsibility of service and to whom we owe respect and appreciation for just being.

Help them to realize that God is both loving and just; that He knows us better than we know ourselves; that all He wants from us is good will, willingness to try, and a decent amount of gratitude.

In the good old horse-and-buggy days, everyone from Uncle Ebenezer to the baby piled into the one-horse shay and went to church. The whole tribe piled into their own pew each Sunday morning. The move of the past 50 years from rural to urban living has left fewer of these "sharing" experiences.

How goes it at your house? Does mother trudge out first so that she can get the usual chores going for the day? Does dad drag himself out a little later? Do Betty and Joey, by hook or by crook, get to the children's Mass, and the two teen-agers barge into a late one to see the rest of the guys and gals? Let's get back to the horse-and-buggy days if that's the case. Family life includes much sharing in all realms of living, and first and foremost should be in church.

Many pastors set aside a special Mass for children. This plan may be worth while; it may all have good reasons back of it. But the fact is that it has broken up *family* churchgoing, and that is not good.

Perhaps the best you can do now is to try to make at least one a month the family Sunday.

In our house we had the usual trouble in finding time to gather our flock together for a formal session of prayer. After a family powwow, the vote in favor of the daily Rosary was Yea, but when to say it was the problem. I missed as much as anyone. But the littlest one had the bright idea that we could say it while doing the dinner dishes. Her motive might have been to get a little help from everyone, but nevertheless it worked. Each one took a turn at leading the Rosary. Once the phone rang about midway in our prayers and the answerer in her confusion screamed Amen into the mouth-piece. But the moral of the tale is that family prayer can be arranged.

Has this ever happened to you? You have a flock of neighborhood children in for a lunch. All are seated and ready to go, when the little hostess stops the anticipated rush by saying grace. You look

Dr. P. W. Alexander, dean of East Tennessee College, asked 700 college freshmen to state anonymously what they thought of their parents. This is what nearly all teen-agers, according to Dr. Alexander, had to say: Parents are too lenient with them.

*Companion of St. Francis and St. Anthony*  
(Dec., '52).

around and at least three jaws drop in surprise. Then a week later you meet the mother of one of the children, who comments, "Julie tells me your daughter said grace the other day before luncheon. How sweet!" About then you would probably like to use some sweet talk back, but being a lady, you humbly say, "Oh yes, that's the custom at our house." It's hard to avoid the emphasis on *our*.

Try the grace habit. What the teen-agers get at home they will carry into their own family living later on. And unfortunately, in too many cases, that is all they will carry into it.

I get positively numb when I hear the preachy type of approach to religion. The kind of, "My girl, you're bound for hell acting like that." No, you can't throw it at them. Everything that concerns religion must be treated with warmth and understanding. The children must begin to see in your attitude a way of life; a way that is worth using. Teeners are floundering anyway, and if you have not found the way to use religion within yourself then you'll all run into difficulty.

If you have introduced God to your family, you have begun the most important part of your parental responsibility.



**R**EADING and hearing reports about corruption in government, increase in crime, and what to do about juvenile delinquency brought to my mind a quotation from David R. Piper.\* It seems to me that he has the remedy. The home is the cornerstone of life. It is there that we lay the foundation which largely determines what the man will be.

If you want to reform society, don't mount a soapbox. Go home and make home a little society patterned on the great ideal you believe in. If you want law and order and wise government, make your home a place of order, respect, and reverence for God and for authority. If you want a Christian world, start with Christlike attitudes and relations in the home.

\**New Century Leader* (Nov. '38).

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

# *Arab Plight in Palestine*

*DP's in the Holy Land look to you for aid*

By KATHERINE BURTON

**I**N ANCIENT HEBRON, in the stormy Near East, is a place called Solomon's Kitchen. The Kitchen has a tradition. The story goes that King Solomon once visited Hebron. He was so deeply impressed by the devotion of the people despite their deep poverty that he left sufficient money to allow the poor among them a daily meal. Then he ordained that this was to continue "until the end of the world."

The traditional meal was continued; daily through the centuries the Hebron poor have been fed. But three years ago it was very clear that to this city, as to other unhappy places in the Near East, the end of the world had really come. War raged all about them; food was lacking, and the community could no longer continue the beloved tradition.

Then, fittingly on Christmas eve, Unit-

ed Nations' trucks came to Hebron, and Solomon's Kitchen was able to carry on.

But, of course, trucks soon empty. Others come and planes fly in, and all are soon emptied. The people are fed; sickness is held at bay. But the expedients are all temporary. For there are no real homes for the fugitives in the Near East; everywhere are tents, temporary shelters for outcasts far from old homes. Rarely can work be found.

Today, more than 850,000 refugees crowd the Near East, and after four years many of them are still helpless and homeless. In 1948 in the streets of Jordan more than 2,000 refugee children ran about unrestrained. Today things are a little better for them, thanks in part to an emergency school system. Refugee teachers educate any children who come to them, Moslem, Christian, non-Christian. A mo-



bile clinic, flying the papal flag, treks each week over more than 500 miles through the villages. Its expenses are in great part taken care of by the Pontifical Mission for Palestine. It was established by the Holy Father, and has membership in many Christian countries. It receives relief supplies from American Catholics through War Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference.

There are not many Catholics in the Moslem land of Jordan. They number some 50,000 among the refugees helped by the Pontifical Mission, although nearly 300,000 is the terrible total of Arab refugees. But working among them are 2,000 unpaid volunteers, priests, nuns, Brothers, and also a team of Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions. All fulfill every day the verse from the Bible, "*Caritas urget nos.*" For the thing which has aided these suffering people in their exile is that quality of *caritas*, the pitying love of the nations which have for those which have not. Many families live in tents, and sometimes in holes in the ground. In Syria, nearly 1,000 people live in the catacombs under an old Roman amphitheater. Most of them can't find work. The fields they planted, the jobs they used to have, are many miles behind them, often in another country. Sometimes there is no work even for those who have always lived in the towns.

Money, clothing, and medicine

must, therefore, come from other lands. The need has been continuous and expanding. For instance, our government sent \$16 million to be spent on the refugees in Palestine; it was used up in less than six months. That is why voluntary organizations, such as these formed by U. S. Catholics, must work on and receive support.

Monsignor McMahon, head of the Pontifical Mission for Palestine, said his own appeals will continue "until the misery that haunted me for the four months I spent there comes to an end." Cardinal Spellman recently visited that sad region. He said that nowhere in the world, even in China, had he found camps in such a plight as those of the Arab refugees from Palestine. He trudged through mud to visit tent after tent. The DP Arabs, he said, were very aware that people were trying hard to help them.

In Arab hearts is one firm conviction: that in the end they will return to their own beloved homes again. The great majority were not always homeless. These are not the beggars of which every country has its share. Many had good homes and good jobs, and were happy in their daily life.

War came. It is true that had the Arabs won they would have thrown out the Jews; as it is, they are defeated. They fled, and sometimes their children were separated from them. Now they must exist on charity.

The voluntary helpers say that often they cannot wait for people to come to the soup kitchen or for children to come to the temporary school; they must go out to them, for some are ashamed to beg.

Letters written to the New York offices of War Relief Services-NCWC by Catholic Arabs in Palestine or Lebanon prompt both tears and rejoicing. "You do not know us," runs one letter of surprised gratitude, "but your heart is human and your feelings for us as refugees is touching. I pray to God to be able to repay you." Another says, "My wife and I feel such a comfortable sensation that there are still people to care for the fate of the refugees."

Letter after letter lists the terrible difficulties. "My family is seven, and I am two years without work." "My children are all barefooted, with no decent clothes, and the tents are cold. I trust that God will look after us and find a way for us to settle down." "We left everything in our house and escaped over the bodies of dead people." A mother laments, "Children were forced from their beds in their beloved homes in Palestine to be packed like sardines in unsteady boats on raging seas." A young woman writes, "It is hard to have had much and now nothing. My poor father weeps for his lost home and shop."

Despite the utter lack of even the barest necessities, there is touch-

ing gratitude in the letters. There is the promise often of gifts to be sent in happier times, "when we go home again." "As soon as we return to our land where our holy Christ was born I will send you a souvenir," they write, or, "If we go to Palestine in the future we will send you some holy gifts from the grave of Christ." And from Beirut comes this: "The heart will remember this gift given in these difficult days. Far from our home, we possess nothing, as if we are newly born in this age of darkness. You are the first whose help has entered our home, a house that always had plenty and helped many, and your help will never be forgotten."

"I send you a cross from this holy land, as you are so far away from it," wrote one who had been aided. "We all offer you our best regards, and may God crown your days with white blossoms."

There are great emergencies. A railroad wreck injures many. A tornado sweeps away homes. An earthquake destroys towns and people. But such catastrophes are of nature. Conditions such as those which exist in Palestine are man made, and make for strained emotions. It is tragically true that no country offered a part of their territory as a home for those who had fled the horror of the nazi regime. It is also tragically true that many among the Arabs today look over the borders at their former homes

and fields with desolation in their hearts.

But for justice and eventual adjustments they must wait for future decisions. What needs to be done right now is to ignore as much as possible the arguments, and first bind the wounds. Many have aided in doing this, government organizations of various lands and religious groups. But War Relief Services-NCWC received word in January from the Department of State that they have "furnished two thirds of the voluntary relief shipments sent to the Near East since last Thanksgiving." This was, for one thing, the result of the previous Thanksgiving appeal. That drive had made possible the sending of 900,000 pounds of usable clothing and blankets to the centers at Haifa and Beirut.

Word came that this had arrived at a wonderful time. There had been terrible storms all through these areas, sometimes destroying or badly injuring the tent cities. The now twice homeless were taken into churches and warehouses. The clothing which had just come was a godsend, saving many from illness and exposure.

The Holy Father, in distress at the loss of homes by so many innocent victims, spoke some years ago to both sides. He said, "The circumstances of these exiles is so uncertain that they cannot much longer endure." That was in 1950, and today the situation is as black

as ever, the one certainty being that help must continue.

The Holy Father begged the world for still more help for Palestine. "We exhort all great and noble hearts to help with all their strength these outcasts who are a prey to distress and misery." And then he spoke warningly to the victors. He who had taken their children into the shelter of the Vatican when they were the victims, could speak thus. "We address a pressing appeal to those in responsibility in order that justice be done to all those who, hunted from their homes by the whirlwind of war, have no other desire than to take up again a peaceful life."

Since of all those aided, only 180,000 are Christian, the charity of the Church in the Near East is well fulfilling its title of *catholic*, that is, universal. The great Bossuet said that the Church is "Christ poured out and communicated to men." That is what those devoted people, priests and nuns, volunteers who share the woes of Moslem and Christian alike, are doing. That is what in this land of ours, untouched by such misery, we must do; we must give, for we have it to give.

On Laetare Sunday, each year, the Bishops' Fund asks, through the War Relief Services-NCWC and the Bishops' Emergency Relief committee, the help of Catholics for their suffering fellow men in other lands. The Near East is one.

For many this will be the sixth year of exile, of wandering in camps in alien lands, of hunger and sickness in both body and soul.

Again this year American Catholics are asked to answer this appeal of the Holy Father and their bishops and priests to aid suffering victims of war and displacement.

It is very fitting that the day selected for this appeal should be Laetare Sunday. This day is the one day in somber Lent when joy fills a sorrowing Church and when the rose-colored vestments of hope are worn. Catholics should do their share toward bringing joy and hope to a sorrowing people.



### *Hearts Are Trumps*

LAST SUMMER, while working as police reporter for the Galveston *Tribune*, I began devoting some free time to visiting charity patients in one of the city's hospitals.

One night I went to visit, planning to stay only a short time. It had been a hot, tiring day and I had to be up at six.

But I found one helpless patient in great discomfort, his rumpled bedding pressing against his bed sores. Two persons were needed to settle him comfortably, one to lift him, one to arrange the bedding. The single orderly was busy with more serious cases; I stayed on, waiting for him.

An hour went by, then two. When he finally came, it was long past the time I had hoped to be home. I left the hospital irritable at having to face the morning sleepy.

Next day at work a nurse from the hospital telephoned me. There was at the hospital, she informed me, a woman patient, apparently a victim of a stroke, who had been found wandering in her nightgown on a city street three days before, unable to talk or identify herself. Couldn't the paper help her?

It was a headline story, and, since every news agency in town had missed it, a nice "scoop." After the story broke, a friend of the unidentified woman recognized her picture in the paper and ended the story happily.

There are three hospitals in Galveston. The nurse's phone call that followed my small kindness to a sick man was the only call I ever received from any of the hospitals, during a year and a half on the police beat.

William E. McClinton.

*For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.*



In the tiny Yugoslav village of Krasic, Sisters do the housekeeping for Cardinal Stepinac and the parish priest with whom the cardinal lives.

# Stepinac Speaks

"The situation of the Church here in Yugoslavia is not at all better than in Russia or the satellite countries."

As told to TRAUDL LESSING

Magnum photos by Erich Lessing

**A**MONG the 24 bishops and archbishops who were appointed cardinals by the Pope on Jan. 12 the most widely known is one of those who was unable to go to Rome, Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac, of Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

To Catholics the world over he is the Church's last pillar in communist Yugoslavia, a man who has suffered for his faith, a modern martyr to his convictions.

Prior to his elevation to the College of Cardinals, Archbishop Stepinac presented his own view of the situation in Yugoslavia, and explained his refusal to go to Rome. "I cannot go to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat from the hands of the Pope. I cannot, nor do I wish to go, because I cannot leave my people.

"To leave Yugoslavia in these times would mean to abandon my post and to abandon my people. I do not wish to ask any favors for myself from the Yugoslav authorities; but even if my demand for a visa were granted, I need only remember the fate of my former secretary to keep me from leaving.

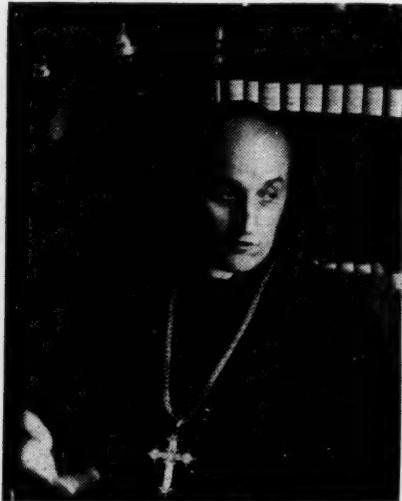
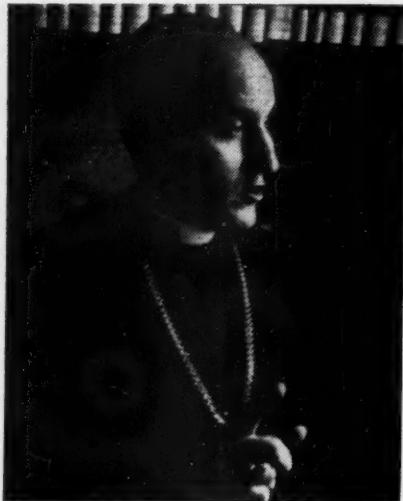
"When my former secretary ac-

companied the papal nuncio, Monsignor Marcone, to Rome in 1945, I had been assured previously that nothing stood in the way of his return; but when he asked for his re-entry visa, the Yugoslav legation in Rome refused his application. He was never able to return and is now living in the U.S.

"I shall stay here, if need be, until my death. In these times, when the Catholic Church all over Eastern Europe and Russia is in need of every one of her servants, no one must leave his post. I have nothing to fear; I have been near death, and the end must come sooner or later. I have no fear of men.

"I do not know whether the Holy Father expected me to come to Rome or not. I have very little contact with the outside world nowadays, and have not, for understandable reasons, used the Yugoslav mails for more than six years.

"All I know is that I must stand by my people in their hour of need. Nothing, not even the Yugoslav state's breach with the Vatican, can change my fate nor deprive me of any support. My only support is



God. My nomination to the rank of cardinal will change nothing in my life. I do not know how or whether my cardinal's insignia will be sent to me, nor whether my nomination is going to be made official by message or letter. Most probably no messenger would ever get through to this village, even if he could get a visa into Yugoslavia in the first place.

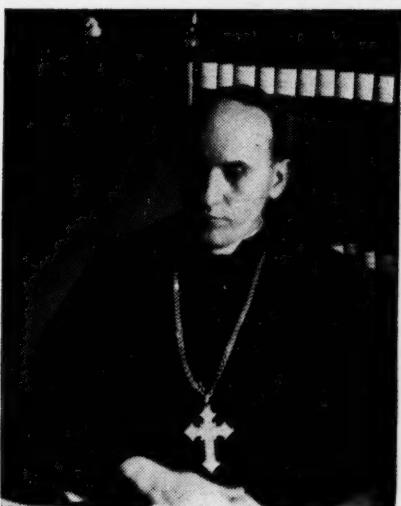
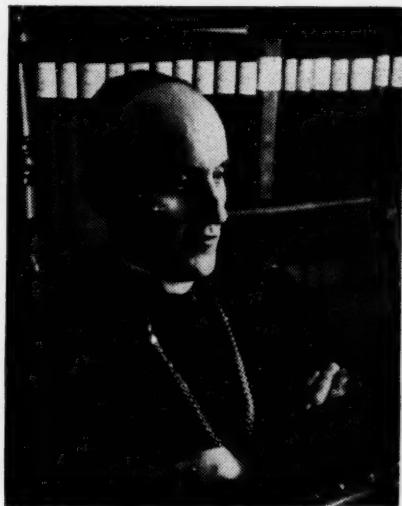
"But all this does not matter. These are all outward signs of which I have no need. My simple life will remain the same, this life among the good people of Krasic. We shall not even be able to provide the chair which, by a century-old custom, is reserved in every cardinal's residence for a possible visit from the Pope.

"After years of struggle I have found relative peace in this village where I spent my childhood. It

has not changed much since that time. Krasic still has about 500 inhabitants.

"More houses have electric light now in the village. When I was a boy, the power plant had just been built in the small town near by. The village suffered badly during the war. Every fighting force in the country passed through sooner or later: the Germans first, then the *Ustashis*, then the partisans, and even General Vlassov's Cossacks. Fighting went back and forth over Krasic, and on one day, New Year's day, 1943, the villagers buried 195 men, *Ustashis* and partisans, just beyond the last houses.

"In 1944 the church was damaged by a German bomb which landed just above the altar. We have repaired the roof, but cannot do much more because public collections for Church purposes are



forbidden. Otherwise, the people of Krasic would long ago have completely rebuilt their church.

"Here live a good people, strong and unshaken in their Catholic faith. None of them has as yet joined an agricultural 'cooperative;'

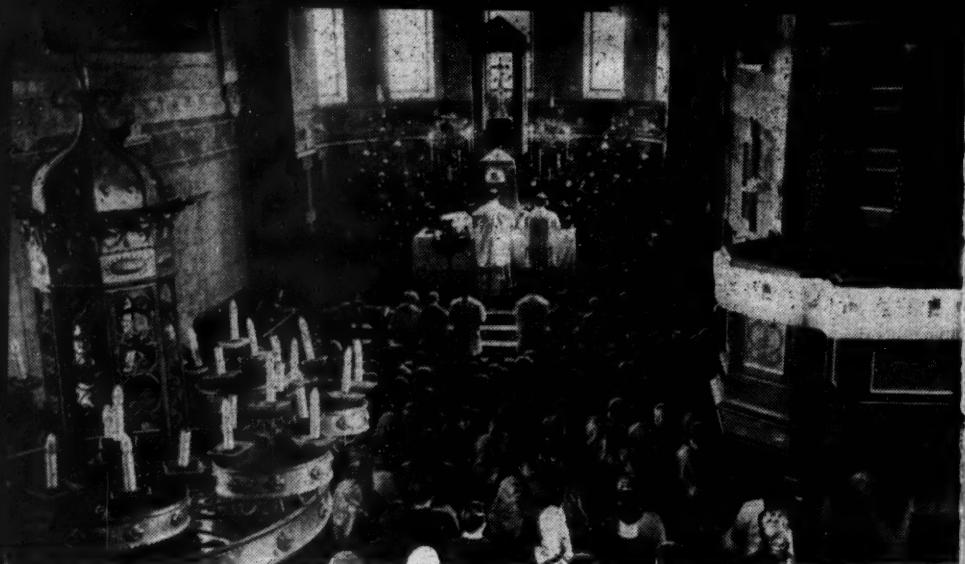
they want no part of this, and nobody can force them into it. Here in Krasic it would be impossible for the state to appoint vicar generals, as has happened in Hungary. The people would only despise the false vicars. They know that no

**Y**ugoslav propagandists are charging that Cardinal Stepinac collaborated with the Yugoslav wartime government in the forcible conversion of Orthodox Serbs. But documents in the hands of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C., reveal these facts.

In 1941, when the Pavelic regime announced that members of the Orthodox Church in Croatia must become Latin-rite Catholics, Cardinal Stepinac reminded his clergy that no one can become a convert under duress.

He wrote four letters to Pavelic and the minister of the interior protesting cruelties perpetrated against the Orthodox, and appointed ecclesiastical committees to investigate each conversion to determine that it was made sincerely and freely.

On three occasions Nazi and Ustashi authorities asked the Pope to remove Stepinac from his post because he had antagonized Pavelic and Hitler.



"These are a good people, strong and unshaken in their Catholic faith."

body can appoint vicar generals except the Holy Father.

"I feel safe among these people here, safe and at peace. Of course, church and rectory are patrolled day and night by policemen. All my visitors have to pass police inspection before reaching the village; but few of them have been stopped until recently. Now, since the state's breach with Rome, there have been hardly any visitors at all.

"Bishop Lach, who directs the diocese of Zagreb during my absence, has been prevented from coming this week, although he made three attempts in the last few days. Obviously, I have had too many visitors for the authorities' taste. There have been many foreigners, priests, journalists and others, who came to see me; but even so I don't think a foreigner can ever realize what life here

means for a Yugoslav subject. Foreigners are under the protection of their legations, they may pass through the country and leave again, but we have to stay here.

"I have repeated it over and over again, and shall continue to say, that the situation of the Church here in Yugoslavia is not at all better than in Russia or the satellite countries. Certainly, the church here is not locked with a key, but it is not open, either, and *that* is a great difference.

"They say this is a democracy, with freedom of worship for everyone. Why then do they watch closely who goes to church? Why do they take disciplinary measures against the churchgoing civil servants, teachers, doctors, officers? Why did they expel girls from the Zagreb teachers' college because they had been seen in church and

were therefore 'not fit to teach'? Is this freedom?

"Furthermore, I am convinced that almost all Catholic priests who have thus far joined the state-sponsored priests' associations have been forced to do so under utmost pressure. I can imagine what threats were used to make them go to Belgrade, train fare paid and all, to be present at the "founding conference" of that organization.

"If you want to know about their methods, think of the Bishop of Ljubljana, who was attacked during a train trip a few months back. Someone poured gasoline over him and set fire to his clothes; he was horribly burned and was in critical condition for days. Think of another bishop who was questioned by the secret police for 30 hours. These are the methods of terror and intimidation used in

this country against the Church.

"I know that the state also claims to have spent millions of *dinars* on the repair of churches and their art treasures damaged during the war. Whatever the state may have spent on such churches has been taken back tenfold in taxation.

"Everywhere in the country, parishes are being heavily taxed nowadays. They hoped that, if they could not crush our spirit, they could force us to our knees by taxation. They have taken all the Church's estates, and still the tax burden is so high that no parish could ever pay up.

"The priests may be forced to sell their last poor belongings, but there is one thing they can be sure of: their villagers will never let the parish priests starve.

"Even if the government has spent money on rebuilding church-

Just outside Krasic two policemen stop cars on the road. They take down complete information on all travelers. Some visitors are permitted to enter the village, others are turned back.





The cardinal preaches in the village church.

es, churches are not our chief need. The Church has often been forced underground. For centuries Mass was offered in the catacombs of Rome and other cities. There is no need of churches for the survival of the Church. What we need is freedom for Catholic education, and freedom to go to Mass.

"The Yugoslav authorities also claim that the Commission for Religious Questions created by the state will be able to regulate relations between all churches and the state and make a compromise possible. From the point of view of the Catholic Church, this commission has nothing to decide at all.

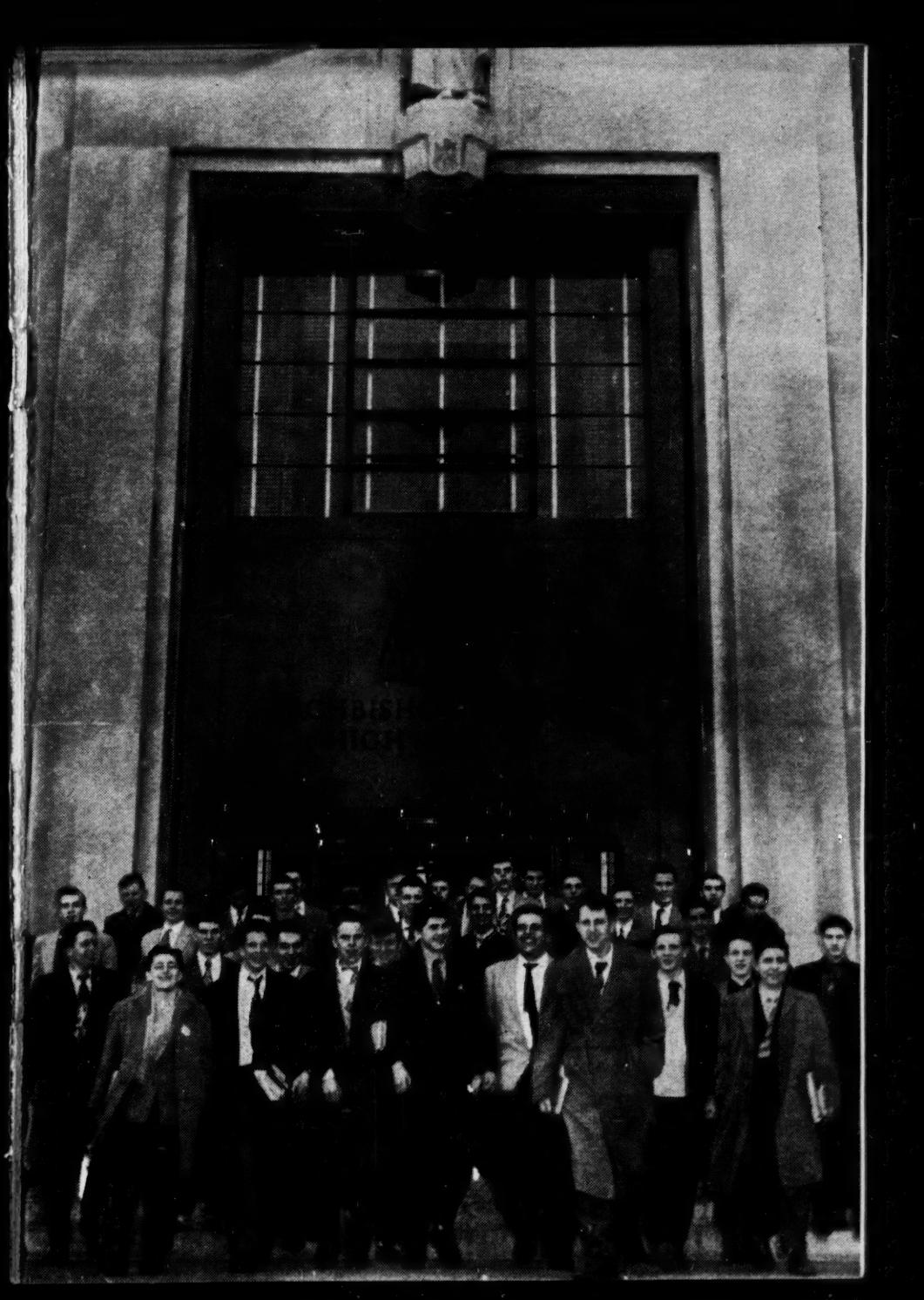
"I know of no one in the Catholic hierarchy, with the exception of the so-called president of that commission, Monsignor Ritig, who

would be willing to come to a compromise under present conditions. The commission can under no circumstances propose or carry out such a compromise, because no change in our policy here is possible without consent of the Holy See. It is not we who make policy here, and any change in our attitude, any proposals for a compromise or a solution, in fact, any concordat or *modus vivendi*, must come from the Vatican. Without the Pope's consent we will not budge from our present position.

"What we ask here in Yugoslavia, what we always claimed as the Catholic Church's basic demands, have remained the same throughout recent years. We demand the right of Catholic education for children of Catholic parents, that is, free Catholic schools; freedom of religious teaching; and the possibility of Scripture lessons either in school or in the rectory, if no local Catholic school exists. We demand the right of a free Catholic press and the abolition of obligatory civil marriage.

"I want to stress this again and again. Ever since its foundation, we have done nothing against the new Yugoslav state. But we shall fight until death for the rights of the Catholic Church."

At White Plains, N.Y., this school was named after Cardinal Stepinac.



# Korea: Operation Kid-Lift

*Marine Air Group 12 thought of a way to save the lives of Korean babies  
—and everybody pitched in*

By COMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER, USN, and NELLE KEYS PERRY

Condensed from the *Ladies' Home Journal*\*

THE MESS HALL was suddenly quiet. Expectant marines had watched the radioman hand a dispatch to the commanding officer, Col. L. S. Moore. The colonel glanced at the paper and smiled. "Boys, we've got it." Then he read the message aloud, "Opération Kid-Lift is authorized subject to combat requirements."

What Marine Air Group 12 had was official permission to go ahead with its highly unofficial plan for helping Korean orphans. North of the 38th parallel, in a no man's land ravaged by the passage of four armies, the children clung to life with terrible tenacity. Their parents had fled, or died, and many of the children died, too. But some had managed to survive, living like animals, foraging in the snow for bark and

scraps of frozen garbage. In the cruel Korean winter, it was a wonder that any of them were alive.

Air Group 12 is stationed near Kangnung, just below the 38th parallel. It is the UN's northernmost airstrip, and every day the fighter planes roar off on their deadly mission with monotonous regularity. The marines had first heard about the children from a sanitation officer for the United Nations Civil Assistance commission, Korea (UNCACK). "We are bringing out as many as we can to the orphanage at Kangnung, but it's a rugged business. The trip takes 12 hours by truck, and it is cold, rough, and dangerous; many of the children can't survive the ride. Even when we get them here, it's the old story of no money, clothes,



\*Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. December, 1952. Copyright 1952 by the Curtis Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

food, decent housing, nor anyone to care for them properly. But at least it's better than what they've been used to."

That was when Sgt. Harry Ball had his brainstorm. "Hey, we can do something about that. Why couldn't we take a plane in there and haul out a whole batch of kids? An hour hop would be a lot easier than that truck ride."

Somebody added, "Sure, and after we get them to the orphanage, we can take turns helping look after them. It would be kind of nice to have something to do in your spare time."

That got a laugh. The business of war goes on 24 hours a day; daily fighter missions must be flown without interruption, planes must be serviced and repaired, runways swept clear of snow, and the routine activities necessary to maintain a base for 1,000 men must go on. Yet Harry Ball's idea spread quickly—everybody wanted to help.

The chaplains were as eager as the others, but they felt that there might be still another difficulty, red tape. "The brass will think we're crazy, asking permission to send planes into no man's land, where there isn't even a landing strip."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Colonel Moore, reaching for a message blank. "We can't lose anything by asking."

Within an hour and a half the reply was back. And that's how the

men of Marine Air Group 12 became foster fathers to about 200 homeless children.

The optimistic marines decided that they could handle all the children UNCACK could round up. They made hurried repairs in the Kangnung orphanage, collected blankets and oversize clothing from each other, and wrangled food from the commissary. Back at base after a day of fighting, men worked at night making small overcoats from old blankets. One of the leather-necks, whose childhood was not long past, made slingshots, and others carved wooden horses. For the girls, cleaning rags from the planes were laboriously stitched and stuffed to become Raggedy Ann dolls. They took empty tomato cans and bent them into molds, and the cook baked little cakes shaped like animals and fat little men. The cooky men even had slant eyes.

At last the UNCACK team, which had gone ahead by truck, sent word that it had a group of children rounded up. Before dawn the next morning, two navy nurses and a navy doctor were flown by helicopter to the wreckage of a town north of the 38th parallel. It was cold and windy, but by full daylight they had their equipment set up and were busy delousing the children. Soon a big marine transport plane appeared. It circled and slid into a rough landing less than ten yards from the frozen river.

From a lean-to, Doctor Hunter,

of UNCACK, led 50 half-clad, emaciated, and unwilling children. They looked the plane over with wary eyes and stubbornly refused to go aboard. From the plane Chaplain Weidler coaxed them with candy and toys, but still they held back. Finally Doctor Hunter lifted a boy in by force; then the others, evidently deciding that they had no choice, filed silently aboard. The eight and nine-year-olds carried the babies. The fearful youngsters were so thin that it was impossible to strap safety belts tightly enough; the crew members had to stuff pillows around them.

The plane took off, barely clearing the edge of the field with the aid of the strong wind. Aloft, the wind ceased to be a blessing, for the children were violently airsick. Nothing came up, however. They hadn't eaten for days.

At last they landed at MAG 12, the door swung open, and Chaplain Weidler stuck his head out. As the ramp moved against the plane he lifted out a Korean boy about five years old and stood him on the landing.

"You should have seen the kid," Sgt. Bobby Hodge, of Enka, N.C., told me. "He had on a ragged sort of loincloth and an old shirt. And nothing else, with that icy wind blowing. He looked like a little old man who hadn't ever washed; the only clean parts of him were the streaks on his cheeks where he'd been crying."

"He stood there a second, with everybody watching him and not quite knowing what to do. Then Big Sam jerked off his flight jacket and rushed up the ramp. He wrapped the jacket around the boy and picked him up like he was a billion dollars' worth of diamonds or something. The kid didn't do a thing, even with Big Sam hugging him. He didn't smile or cry or move; just let himself get picked up like he was half dead."

"The chaplain had another one out by then, a little girl about three. She was barefoot and shivering, and no wonder! The poor little thing wore only a dirty old scrap of a towel, and a little ribbon in her hair. "This one's for me," I yelled, but a couple of other guys beat me to her. The chaplain said we'd scare the children to death, and they were already scared enough. We quieted down, and lined up by the ramp. As soon as a kid came out the next man in line would wrap him in his coat and carry him over to the mess hall."

Sgt. Rulon Arrigona, of Inglewood, Calif., took up the story. "Boy, those skinny little frozen kids hit me hard. I was trying to take pictures of them leaving the plane, but my eyes got awfully wet. I didn't want the other guys to see me bawling, so I turned away, and bumped into Colonel Moore and Colonel Aggerback. They were sniffling, too; I went back to taking

pictures, even if I couldn't see to point the camera."

The mess hall is a big Quonset hut with a potbellied oil stove in the middle and scrubbed wooden benches along the sides. Here 50 marines brought 50 apathetic children; unsmiling and passive, they accepted the candy and toys without a spark of interest. The marines started getting them into makeshift clothing to protect them against the bitter cold, but the children didn't lift arms or legs to help. Even the babies lay still—no crying nor fussing.

The starving youngsters were seated at the long tables before bowls of hot rice; they looked at the food as if they didn't see it. Not one lifted a spoon. The puzzled marines fed them, but the children took the rice and chewed mechanically, staring blankly into space.

Finally one of the older boys bravely shouted something in Korean.

"What does he want?" Chaplain Weidler asked the interpreter.

"He says the North Korean soldiers told them how it would be. The Americans are fattening them before they eat them."

"Tell them we love them. Tell them we are their new parents."

The interpreter climbed on a table and talked. A hesitant smile broke out here and there. A giggle came from a far corner. Some remnant of the faith of childhood tri-

umphed over the cold and hunger and distrust, and they believed him. A tiny girl snuggled up to her marine and began gulping rice. Soon all the children were eating and laughing. When they had eaten every grain, not too much at first because of their shrunken stomachs, the chaplain sang a song. The children didn't know a word, of course, but they mimicked the words and motions. They were still singing when the marines piled them into trucks and drove off to the orphanage.

Marine Air Group 12 thus took on 50 new responsibilities. To start the ball rolling, all hands wrote home to their families, churches, and friends. For two days the mail clerk had the biggest outgoing mail ever. The response was immediate. In Danville, Calif., the superintendent of schools sent to each parent a copy of his letter, and soon 73 big packages were on their way to Korea. Mrs. W. A. Pearson, of Denton, Tex., answered her son's letter with an enormous bundle of clothes by air mail, postage \$24. A church telegraphed that 800 pounds of clothing were on the way.

Meanwhile, the marines were busy, too. Ordnance men took crates which had contained 1,000-pound bombs and turned them into junior-size bunks, tables, and chairs. Marine carpenters laid floors in the orphanage and installed windows and doors.

A private whose main joy thus far had been his handlebar mustache, 13 inches from tip to tip, sent a picture of it to his Kiwanis club at home. They auctioned it off, and sent him \$100 for the orphanage. A 20% levy went onto all poker winnings, and the fund kept growing. It had to—two weeks later they brought in another plane-load of children.

The ham-fisted marines change pants, supervise baths, play with the children, sing with them, and teach them English.

Sunday is children's day at MAG 12. The marines are hosts, but the children contribute in their own way. One Sunday they put on a play depicting the life of Christ. They managed it with no props except a large wooden cross. But their costumes were really special, and they had used charcoal and some kind of dye for make-up. At first it was funny to watch them, but they put so much emotion into it that it got close to you in a serious sort of way. I suppose feelings are near the surface in a place like that, but those kids were good. After the five-year-old who represented our Lord left the stage, carrying the cross, the other children walked slowly to the altar, holding lighted candles and chanting *Adeste Fidelis*.

Later in the afternoon I took a jeep to Kangnung to photograph the children. Along with me came an interpreter and a couple of ma-

rines who had "diaper duty." When the jeep drew up, every child tried to push out onto the balcony to welcome their "American fathers."

A Korean who was standing in front of the building walked over to our jeep and tugged at my sleeve. He pointed excitedly toward the children and shouted. "If the communist soldiers could see this orphanage, they'd throw away their guns and go back to their farms and factories."

He paused impressively. "I know what I say. I used to be a soldier in a communist labor battalion. I carried Russian ammunition to the front and helped repair railroad lines. I worked for the communists because they told us that Americans were evil people.

"Last month I came back to Kangnung on furlough to see my family. I saw the American marines who are fathers and mothers to these poor children. At first I did not believe it but I watched, and then I deserted the communist army. They had told me lies."

Before leaving MAG 12, I had another talk with Colonel Moore. Thanking him for all his help, I said, "I'm not a commentator, but I want to make a prophecy. Long after the war is over, Koreans, both North and South, will talk about the marine 'American fathers' and what they did for the children. They will remember it after the graves are green and forgotten, and it will be retold from father to son."

*His task is to make Italy more  
than a geographical expression*

# De Gasperi: Statesman of the Dark Hours

By G. E. JONES

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine*\*

**I**TALY'S PREMIER, Alcide de Gasperi, is a man of monumental patience. Until recently, he and his family continued to live in the modest apartment they had occupied before he became prime minister. One of his neighbors was an aging, pro-royalist countess.

The countess held him personally responsible for the monarchy's downfall in 1946. She used to put her garbage pail in de Gasperi's hallway, greet him with abuse when he came home at night, and bang out the *Royal March* and Beethoven's *Funeral March* on her piano while the prime minister worked on state papers late at night. Patiently de Gasperi always stepped around the garbage pail, nodded in response to her abuse,

and closed both ears to her music.

Patience has marked his regime more than anything else; how he has succeeded is a question which defies mere politics. He is a pale, gaunt, and harsh-featured man. His speeches lack warmth, and they ramble. He has little technical knowledge. He is called, among other things, "an economic illiterate." Time and again during the nerve-wracking months of 1946 and 1947 he seemed cornered by the Marxists in Parliament;

his pale oratory was no match for the confident jabs of the communists.

De Gasperi could only temporize, which he does superbly; but temporizing has lost him in popularity what it has gained him in breathing space. Almost any Italian you meet



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will register bitter dislike of one de Gasperi policy or another (or, often his seeming lack of policy), for example, Italy's heavy burden of rearment, or his failure to carry out large-scale land reform.

The prime minister pulled through the parliamentary crisis of 1946 and 1947, despite Togliatti's oratorical thrusts. "A vote of confidence is worth a hundred epigrams," says one of de Gasperi's associates. In the 1948 elections, de Gasperi and his Christian Democratic party received the biggest vote of confidence of all. For the first time in modern Italian history, one party gained a clear majority in free elections.

A recent survey by the Italian equivalent of the Gallup poll, *Doxa*, registered an eloquent fact. Although only 20% of Italians questioned thought that Christian Democracy was the best party for Italy, 44% thought that de Gasperi was the best man.

Some of the prestige represents a detached admiration for the man's political skills. He is a master of juggling and compromise. But there is also belief in de Gasperi, the man. "He's a good man," one hears. "He's a Christian, he means what he says." "In times like these," a moderate Socialist once told me during a cabinet wrangle, "Italy ought to thank God for a democrat like de Gasperi."

In his office, de Gasperi talks calmly of his problems, using tight,

squeezing little gestures with his hands while he thinks aloud. "Our problem," he told me in 1948, "has always been that of unity. Of course we must have land reform, eliminate poverty, and so on. But with all these, we must bring Italians together peacefully into a community."

To an outsider, this was a strange declaration. The material problems of Italy exclude all else from the eyes. There is great despair among Italians when they consider the high birth rate, lack of raw materials, scarcity of good land, and the army of 2 million jobless.

More than a century ago Metternich contemptuously referred to Italy as a "geographical expression." Disunity is more than geographical. Nobility draws a line against the industrialist. The friendship of Church for state is always uneasy; devout laymen mutter that "the place of the priest is in the sacristy, not the public square"; religion and anticlericalism live side by side. Poor against rich: no one can forget this tragic conflict if he witnessed the jitters of the idle rich during the 1948 elections, or heard a tattered Neapolitan hurl the word *Mascalzone!* (Robber!) at a well-fed merchant. But even this conflict is not easily defined. There is little sympathy between a slum dweller and a peasant.

In these facts, one sniffs the clinging odor of feudalism. A Si-

cilian landlord told me, "The politicians speak of our homeland. What do they mean? This," he said, picking up a handful of soil, "is my homeland."

Beneath all these conflicting loyalties is the individualism of the Italian: his instinct to live by his own code, in his own interest. In the last general election there were 99 parties, regional and national, on the ballot.

The man who preaches unity was born, in 1881, in the province of Trentino when it belonged to Austria-Hungary. His father was a tax clerk. Young Alcide went to college at Innsbruck, earning his way partly by tutoring. His record there included a four weeks' stretch in jail for joining in a street fight between Austrian and Italian students. But his sober, Alpine mentality drew an important political lesson from the Innsbruck escapade. "It taught me patience," he says. "It taught me not to make rash decisions which might jeopardize the ultimate end."

After the 1st World War, when Trentino was returned to Italy, de Gasperi, then a somber, mustached man, was unanimously elected chairman of the first Christian Democratic congress. He became party leader in 1925. But he was a marked man; for he had denounced the murder of Socialist Giacomo Matteotti by Mussolini's thugs as a "moral crime" and had publicly called on Victor Emmanuel III to

dismiss Il Duce from his ministry.

In 1926, de Gasperi and his wife were thrown into jail. She was freed after ten months; de Gasperi spent a year and a half in prison, until his health failed. The Vatican, which was then bargaining with Mussolini on the Lateran concordat, arranged for de Gasperi's release and gave him a job, at \$80 a month.

He worked on the Vatican library's card-index system. To help support his wife and four daughters, de Gasperi did some ghost writing for foreign correspondents, and translating. He also wrote an interpretive book on Pope Leo XIII's social and economic encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

Merely to survive amid hostility was a breathless adventure. Today the prime minister is still careful with his (and the state's) money. He makes his clothes go a long way, and has a mania for switching off lights. The prime minister's apartment, until his older daughters grew up and moved away, had no private study; he worked in the living room.

Months before the fall of fascism, de Gasperi was slipping out occasionally at night to meet with old comrades. When the lid blew off of Italian politics in 1943, he came out into full daylight as head of the newly reborn Christian Democratic party. He was its representative on the Committee of National Liberation. His mustache was gone; and

one of his first purchases as a liberated citizen was a greatly needed dark blue suit.

The core of Christian democracy is the quiet middle-class man, the village baker, the town lawyer. The Italian model of such men, on a large scale, is de Gasperi. He, too, has defects. He procrastinates (he is habitually late for meetings) and temporizes; his platform presence is stiff, and he forgets names; he is anything but well organized. His overriding qualities are a painful conscience and courage.

During the wrenching days of 1947, he pondered the perilous step of ousting the communists from the cabinet. He told a friend, "I can't sleep nights. If we fail here, democracy is finished in Italy." But he took the step, and democracy survived. People are compelled to believe in this awkward, earnest, and uninspiring man.

Perhaps the true test of a statesman is his capacity to make assets out of defects. Christian Democracy has all kinds of Italians and all kinds of viewpoints within the party, and it does represent all interests. De Gasperi has used its vague program to compromise toward policies that will do the most good for Italy. He held out for a gradual land-reform program. It satisfied fully neither landlord nor peasant, but gave some satisfaction to both. His treasury (later budget) minister, Giuseppe Pella, loosened the public purse strings a bit, but

not enough to upset the lira.

Through his minister of interior, tough little Mario Scelba, de Gasperi cracked down on communist riots and arms caches, but declined to outlaw the party. Last June, de Gasperi gave the brazen neofascists pause by pushing through a bill outlawing the open glorification of Mussolinian symbols, the fascist salute and so on, but declined to outlaw the neo-fascist political party. Better some escaping steam, no matter how offensive the odors, than a blowup, he reasons.

Even after the 1948 landslide for Christian Democracy, de Gasperi insisted on a coalition cabinet. It included the democratic Socialists, Republicans, and Liberals. Each was a small party, each represented a slice of Italian fears and hopes, to which de Gasperi gave a voice in formulation of policy.

History is likely to remember de Gasperi as the statesman who stood up against the communist threat in a dark hour and thereby changed history. Italians probably will remember de Gasperi in other terms. They will think of a village mayor inviting union leaders and businessmen to a discussion of rebuilding plans. Or the prime minister himself, playing bowls on a Sunday afternoon with the communist mayor of Trent (and beating him). Others will, I suspect, remember de Gasperi as a good man, which in some ways is more than calling him great.

# A Bicycle for Sciancato

*Humphrey Bogart meets a friend of long ago in the Boys' Republic*

By MARK WATSON

Condensed from the  
*American Weekly*\*



**J**UST BEFORE the end of a brief stay in Rome early in 1951, Humphrey Bogart visited the Boys' Republic at near-by Santa Marinella. Msgr. John Patrick Carroll-Abbing, together with a quiet Italian priest, Father Rivolta, had accomplished much in the last few years.

Shortly after the war the two men had brought their first war orphans to the ruined villa. The building had been in complete disrepair; all rooms except one had been occupied by bombed-out families. The boys had moved into that room.

Later the families had left, one by one. The boys had taken over the whole villa, repairing, painting it, making it livable. Every month they elected their own mayor by secret ballot. A judge, chosen in the same way, had complete charge of disciplining offenders.

"I'd take you through the grounds, myself," said the mon-

signor, "but it's their place and they take such pride in showing it off. I'll let our present mayor, Pietro, take care of you." He called Pietro.

When a bell rang, Pietro said, "School is out for the younger boys. It's playtime, they all want a turn on the bicycles. But we have so few bicycles that there aren't enough to go around."

While Pietro was talking, Bogart's eyes were suddenly attracted to a lone child coming down the cobbled path. His face wore a look of sullen defiance, and Bogey saw with a start that he was limping in a peculiar way that was somehow familiar.

As they watched, the boy stooped and picked up a rock. With careful aim, he hurled it through a window.

While Pietro stared in stunned shock, the boy whirled defiantly. "Yah, try to catch Sciancato." Pietro started forward, but the boy was

\*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Dec. 21, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

too quick for him. He disappeared behind the buildings.

"I am sorry," Pietro said. "But a few of the boys got too used to the old life in the city and do not want to change. And Alessandro is one of these. He has been here three months and he is worse than when he first came. The tribunal had planned to meet today to decide whether he could stay on in Boys' Republic. I think they would have decided against him."

"But now that probably will not be necessary," Pietro concluded with a sigh of relief. "Because I think he will just run away like the other boys who do not like it here."

Bogey was only half-listening. He was thinking that it was strange how those two names, Sciancato (Crab Leg) and Alessandro, had the power to call up so plainly the vague memory troubling him.

It was December of 1943. Bogey had gone to the countryside around Salerno to entertain Allied troops. The soldiers had just finished their evening meal and the ground was strewn with surplus food. Then children appeared. They came in ragged swarms, and began to gather scraps of discarded food. They fought among themselves to get possession of the least scrap.

Among them Bogey noticed a lame child. His limp was grotesque, the weak knee making him throw out his leg in a sidling gait.

### Younger Fry

**MONSIGNOR CARROLL-ABBING** is extending his good works for Italian youth, providing homes for small children. In one week, he laid the cornerstones for four day nurseries. Within six months he hopes to found 46 more. His new nurseries will include the first three grades of school.

Financial sinews for the monsignor's herculean works of mercy come mainly from America. He plans to revisit this country soon. In the U.S., 30 committees are collecting for the Boys' Towns and day nurseries.

One of the new nurseries will be the gift of the U.S. 5th army, some members of which were in Rome on a reunion pilgrimage.

Sylvia Papp in the *Catholic Universe Bulletin* (24 Oct. '52).

He was small and underweight, even for his six years. He was no match for the toughened children around him. They called him Sciancato, Crab Leg, and snatched food right out of his hands. He stood silent, bewildered, afraid to fight back.

Bogey was able to inveigle a bowl of soup from the army kitchen. He found two chocolate bars and held them out to the child. The boy's look of wonder suddenly changed to a smile so radiant that several soldiers, lounging near-

by, began feeling in their pockets, for gum and other sweets, too.

After that the whole camp adopted Alessandro. The soldiers called him Al. He loved them with all the trust of a small child. He began to learn English from them, and he asked about the children in America. He stared in wonder when the soldiers told him that most children in America owned a bicycle. A bicycle exceeded his wildest dreams.

When they saw that look of amazement on his face they couldn't help making their promises. "You'll get a bike for Christmas, Al."

Now, as Bogey walked beside Pietro along the street in Boys' Republic, he had no doubt but that the limping child whom he had just seen was the same boy of the past. Bogey could guess how the years between had changed the boy. There had been the big push to Rome. Alessandro must have slipped behind and out of the soldiers' lives forever. If any of them had wanted to keep their promise about the bicycle they could not have done so.

As they passed the open door of one of the dormitories, Bogey saw the heel of a shoe, not quite concealed, sticking out from under a bed. Alessandro hadn't run away, after all.

Bogey felt responsible for this boy whom he had brought into his life back at Salerno. Back in Mon-

signor Carroll-Abbing's study, he thought of a plan to help Alessandro.

"I'd like to attend the meeting of the tribunal this afternoon," he said. "Pietro told me about it."

"I don't think there will be a meeting," the monsignor answered, and there was sorrow in his voice. "I think the boy involved has run away. We have no bars on the gates. Our boys can be held only by affection, and that apparently couldn't reach this child."

"In my opinion that meeting still should be held," Bogey said with a grin. "I think Alessandro will be there, and I hope Pietro will be there, too. I'll need a good interpreter."

Monsignor Carroll-Abbing looked at Bogey shrewdly. "Well, I'll arrange it for you," he said. "But you have picked a tough job. When these boys feel that somebody's actions reflect on the honor of their Republic, they're adamant. I know. I've tried and been overruled more than once."

There was no time to waste. Bogey ran to the dormitory where he had seen the foot.

"Al," he called out. "Al!"

He heard the dry, quick scuttling as the boy struggled to get free of his cramped hiding place. Then he was on his feet, looking from side to side with terrified eyes.

"Al, don't you remember Salerno?" Bogey asked, trying to keep

his voice calm. He was at a real disadvantage now. Would the boy recall any English after all these years? He decided to use a word with which Al had been most familiar.

"Candy," he said, and held out a chocolate bar.

"Salerno? Candy?"

"Yes, candy—for you," Bogey repeated. Slowly, he walked toward the child. A look of recognition began to glow in Al's eyes.

"Bicycle—a bicycle for Al," Bogey said slowly.

The recognition was plain in the boy's eyes now.

"Come," Bogey said. He took the child by the hand, and started for the door. When they came to the City Hall, Bogey felt Al draw back. The boy's face became as defiant as ever. He wanted to run, but Bogey pulled him into the room where the tribunal waited.

The judge, a grave boy of some 17 years, struck the desk with his gavel and the court came to order. He picked up a sheet of paper and began to read Alessandro's offenses, a long list.

It was Bogey who rose slowly to his feet, while Pietro translated for him. "In 1943 I was in Salerno," Bogey began. "I knew a boy there by the name of Alessandro. . . ." He told them the story. When he came to the part about the bicycle, he paused and glanced down at Alessandro. The fists were no longer clenched. Arrogance was fading.

"Yes, seven years have passed," Bogey went on. "And here, at last, I've found Alessandro. I can keep that promise we made. He can have his bicycle, not just for himself, but to share with his friends here in Boys' Republic. In fact, there'll be two bicycles."

The tribunal was no longer looking at Bogey. Its eyes were on Alessandro. Tears were spilling down his cheeks. Through the hard and brutal years, that frail promise, perhaps foolishly spoken by battle-weary men, had lain dormant in Alessandro's heart. And now the memory of it had returned to him today with the power to resurrect a happier past, of love and trust.

"I want to stay," he cried through his tears. "Please, I'll try."

The judge touched the desk with his gavel. "Yes, stay, Alessandro. Please, we want you to stay," he said, and he was talking through a lump in his throat. "You have been through trouble; we have been through trouble. But we are all here together, to love one another and to help one another. It's all we have."

"Yes, please stay," the members of the tribunal chorused. The trial was over.

Pietro put his arm around the tearful child. "Don't cry, Alessandro," he said, comfortingly. "You are among friends."

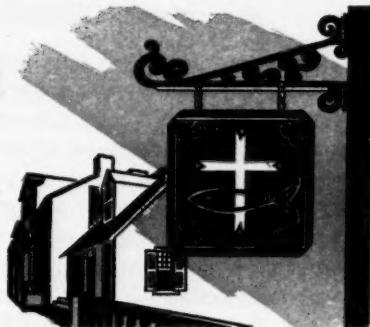
Bogey didn't hear any more. It was time to be getting back to Rome.

# Making Friends in North Carolina

*There is a Catholic information center in the least Catholic city in the U.S.*

By DALE FRANCIS

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*



"I JUST STOPPED in to tell you I think Catholicism is as great a danger to this country as communism," the young fellow said. He was a visitor to The Sign of the Cross, our Catholic information center in the heart of the least Catholic major city in the nation, Charlotte, N.C.

I didn't argue with him. We talked for a little while about the Catholic Church and I gave him something to read. The next morning he was back. "I've been thinking it over," he said. "I've decided the Catholic Church is a worse danger than communism." We talked again, and again he took away some pamphlets. He was a traveling man and he'll not be back in Charlotte for some months but I'm looking forward to another visit when he is back in town. I'm not making any bets that he'll have changed his mind, though.

The rather impolite visit of this young man would probably have made some of my northern friends

nod their heads and say they told me so. They had said that the southerners weren't going to like our opening a Catholic information center in the middle of their city.

What these friends wouldn't know, though, is that the young man was from Detroit, Mich. As a matter of fact, I've only had two unfriendly visitors since we opened. The other was a traveling evangelist from Pittsburgh. All the impoliteness I've met has been imported.

It isn't because we've compromised that we've missed opposition. Our store is next to the largest Baptist church in the entire state. Our advertisements and window displays are openly Catholic, proclaiming the fact that the Catholic Church is the one, true Church.

I've heard that there are some Protestants who don't like us, but they are polite enough not to stop around to tell us. The ones who do stop around are frankly interested in knowing what we believe.

\**Notre Dame*, Ind. Dec. 6, 1952. Copyright 1952 by the Ave Maria Press,  
and reprinted with permission.

A day seldom passes without someone interested in the Church coming in to The Sign of the Cross. Not all will become Catholics, but some will. And all of them are going to carry away a better idea of the Church.

Sometimes they show a tragic lack of knowledge of the Church. One day a man came in to talk. His minister had said something that intrigued him. The minister didn't like the Catholic Church and he said so, but in saying so he called the Catholic Church a Christian church. That surprised this man.

He explained it to me. "I'd always had the idea that Catholics didn't believe Christ had ever lived." Unbelievable? Sure, but it happened. This fellow asked me if we had a Catholic Bible and I told him that we did and he bought one. He hasn't been back, but he may be some day.

The ministers in the community might be expected to be unfriendly. They haven't been. We've had more than 60 Protestant ministers and one rabbi come in. With the exception of the traveling evangelist from Pittsburgh, they've all been friendly.

My wife, Barbara, was in the store the day the first Protestant minister stopped by. She talked with him for a long time, and he bought several books. We give clergymen of all faiths the same clergy discount we give Catholic

Religious. He was back a few weeks later and he kept returning, always taking home more books.

I gave him Cardinal Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* for a Christmas gift, and he sent back word that he'd not be in again for a long while. He'd gone into an Anglican monastery to "think things out." I haven't heard from him since, but a clergyman of his faith was in and I asked about the young fellow. The man nodded his head. "Fine young fellow, but he has Roman fever." I'm praying for the young minister; he'd make a wonderful Catholic priest.

A Presbyterian minister stops by frequently. He belongs in the Church and I tell him so. He says one of the happiest days of his life was the day his son became a Catholic. He sent his children to Catholic schools. Will he become a Catholic? Frankly, I don't know, but I do know that he comes around often and that he is a good and sincere man.

Other ministers come in, too. We've had at least one representative of almost every denomination, including one quiet little old Negro who told me that he was the founder, bishop, and pastor of the First Holy Apostolic church. He was all three, too, for that was the name of his little side-street church.

The pastor of the largest Lutheran church in town liked our religious art, and he asked to borrow some of it for a display.

The ministers who visit don't come in to argue, but we do have long discussions. It is amazing to discover that highly educated clergymen are often illiterate when it comes to the Catholic Church. Usually they leave with something to read, though, and we hope that the illiteracy will be removed.

We've had little contact with folks you could probably call bigots. Paul Blanshard was at Raleigh once. I went up to hear him talk and to give a talk at the Catholic school the next night. Blanshard jumped all over the Church. The Raleigh paper published an almost word-for-word account of his attacks. That was good, because right near it they published an account of the talk I gave. In my talk I urged that Catholics love even those who speak untruths about them. I said that the best thing a Catholic could do was to be a good Catholic and pray for and love his non-Catholic neighbors. Lots of folks the next day commented on the fact that two meetings were held in town, one in which hatred was the theme and the other in which love was the theme.

I talked with Paul Blanshard for about an hour the day he spoke. I came away with the conclusion that while he must well know that he is using half-truths, tricks, and even misrepresentations to turn people against the Catholic Church, he is probably sincere in

his belief that the Catholic Church is an "evil" in the world. I came away with a rather firm conviction, too, that if Paul Blanshard ever starts believing in the divinity of Christ, he should be able to see that the Catholic Church is what the Catholic Church claims to be.

Our talk was pleasant. Among other things, he asked me if I thought he was going to hell. (Don't get the idea he is worried about his soul; he just wanted me to say something he would think narrow-minded.) I told him that I didn't think he was going to hell; I hoped he was going to become a Catholic. He said it was the first time a Catholic had told him that he hoped he'd become a Catholic.

There's not a day but what someone interesting stops by. Sometimes they come several times before they speak. One man came half a dozen times before he told me he was a fallen-away Catholic who regrets his lapse. One clergyman whisked through the store two or three times before he stopped to talk, and we're good friends now.

I've been in a lot of different jobs during my life but I don't believe I've ever been in one more soul-satisfying. A fellow told me that we might have fun but we'd never get rich. I got to thinking about that and I guess from a material standpoint he's right. But here is not where you are supposed to store up all your treasures anyhow.

*Clare Boothe Luce, Ambassador to Italy, is*

# The Lady and the Lion...in One

By GRETNA PALMER

"TIME for a change," long before it became a Republican campaign cry, has been the intermittent slogan of Clare Boothe Luce throughout her adult intellectual career.

At intervals (that are never longer than five years) the new ambassador of the U.S. to Italy has turned her blue harlequin reading glasses and her penetrating intelligence towards some subject almost as unrelated to her previous interests as Sanskrit or the quantum theory would have been. Early this year Mrs. Luce was busy learning how to be a diplomat, in preparation for one of the half dozen most important foreign-service appointments her country has to offer.

The six-week course offered by the ambassador suite of the State Department to all fledglings taking off to represent their countries abroad is a cram-school course in protocol. It covers the duties and responsibilities of the office, the his-

tory of the country to which he or she has been assigned, the politics, pitfalls and personalities with whom he or she will have to work in the new field.

In addition, the course includes a survey of the embassy staff which the new representative inherits, a floor plan and inventory of the embassy itself, and even housekeeping details.

In the much-discussed case of Her Excellency, Clare Boothe Luce, the situation has been immensely complicated by several factors that do not ordinarily arise. Her sex and her religion both came in for spirited discussion in newspapers in America and in Italy. (The moot question of what a consort shall be called need not, however, have aroused so much controversy: the matter was already settled when the Honorable Eugenie Anderson was ambassador to Denmark and took *her* consort along; he will be called His Excellency.)

The question of religion was



raised only because a very few Americans appeared to misunderstand the fact that the Vatican is a sovereign state. Mrs. Luce will be accredited to the Italian government and not, in any way, to the Holy See. The members of the two separate diplomatic corps in Rome rarely mingle on informal terms and are never brought together in an official capacity.

"My job," says Clare Boothe Luce, "will be to represent *all* the American people to *all* the Italian people. I shall try to travel throughout Italy, seeing people of every region and of every class, trying to understand them. I shall bear it in mind that I am not there as a Republican alone, or as an Easterner alone, or as a member of a well-to-do section of our society alone. I am an American."

Mrs. Luce has a background in politics which indicates that she will probably live up to this promise. When she was a member of Congress from Connecticut, her following came as often from the factory districts of Bridgeport as from the landed gentry of Fairfield county. Her voting record was, on the whole, prolabor; her campaigning tours took her into all the poorer sections of the state. Any Italians who fear that the new ambassador will limit her contacts to state dinners for the princesses and *marchese* will be surprised to learn that Mrs. Luce, representing a democracy, has a democratic way of

being a Republican party member.

The new ambassador feels an obligation to represent all classes of Americans to all classes of Italians: more than that, she has a sense of obligation to represent all Christian creeds that flourish in her homeland. The fact that she is a Catholic has aroused violent opposition to her appointment from Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State and from certain left-wing groups within Italy.

Most of this opposition has been based on the suspicion that she might be serving Washington in a dual capacity with both the Italian government and the Holy See.

*Osservatore Romano* itself has pointed out the fallacy of this. On Feb. 11 an editorial in this Vatican newspaper said, "No person having an official position in a diplomatic mission accredited to the Italian government may at the same time display any diplomatic activity in the Vatican. This is a rule and a practice from which the Vatican has never departed and does not intend to depart. The presence of a diplomatic corps of its own, distinct from that accredited in Rome to the Italian authorities, is an indispensable means of avoiding dangerous confusions and at the same time an effective guarantee to show the world that the Holy See is independent." (In practice, the distinction is so clearly drawn that the French ambassador to Italy

never entertains, at an official dinner, the French ambassador to the Vatican: the same is true of the 40 governments which have representatives to both states.)

The Luce appointment has been unique in several ways. News of it broke, not from the White House, as is customary, but in the local Connecticut papers and New York gossip columns, as early as Jan. 20. At that time Gov. John Lodge of Connecticut told a press conference that he had recommended Mrs. Luce for the Italian post which he himself could not accept because of his commitment to the governor's term.

Speculation as to whether the offer had actually been made to her, and as to whether she had accepted or would accept it, kept the columnists busy for the next few weeks.

On Feb. 7 President Eisenhower announced that he would nominate her for the important post, submitting her name to the U.S. Senate for confirmation.

The appointment was recognized, by all persons familiar with Washington affairs, as a personal decision made by the new President himself. Ike has known the new ambassador well since she was a war correspondent in the European theater of operations in 1945.

She was an early Ike supporter for the presidency, but not among the earliest. During the 1948 convention (when a draft-Ike move-

ment got under way) she was militantly pledged to the nomination of Senator Arthur Vandenburg instead of the candidate, Thomas E. Dewey, who won at that time.

But it was within a year of that convention that an important conference was held. "One day, a few months after Ike had become President of Columbia University," as she tells the story, "I telephoned him from my Ridgefield home and said that I should like to see him.

"He said, 'Drop into my office today.'

"I told him then that I wanted to see him President some day. He seemed half amused but he made an entry of the visit in his diary at the time. On the day he sent for me to come to his Commodore hotel headquarters, after the election, that kind, busy man had taken the trouble to look up the diary and to show me what it said."

It was at that meeting, in November, 1952, that the President-elect discussed with Mrs. Luce what role she should play in his administration. She had clearly earned an important post.

Before and at the Chicago convention she was an ardent, outspoken supporter of Ike against all other contenders. After the nomination, she left her Connecticut home, where she had recently waged a disastrous campaign for the Senate, and went up and down the Middle West campaigning for Eisenhower. At this period Mrs.

Luce made 47 radio and television appearances, and gave countless newspaper interviews for Ike.

Meanwhile, the Luce publications, *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, scarcely disguised their editor's hope that Eisenhower would reach the White House. It is assumed that Mr. Luce was also a heavy financial contributor to the Republican National committee's campaign.

But only the most churlish and prejudiced would suggest that Clare's appointment was a mere matter of paying off a campaign debt. Most competent critics agree that Clare Boothe Luce on her own merits deserves a post in which she can serve her country with the talents which have brought her (or any other) generation of the dozen best-known women in the world.

Long before she had a publisher-husband behind her, decades before she had a bank account with which to help her candidate, she had won her spurs as a versatile celebrity, able to turn the searchlight of her talents, in turn, on playwriting, politics, lecturing, magazine writing, even acting. Few women of her (or any other) generation have been able to claim *seriatim* successes in so many fields.

The life story of Clare Boothe Luce has been frequently told, but not told, until now, from the viewpoint of those who look in her past for omens and auguries of her present diplomatic career. Yet many

things that have happened to the new ambassador have served to prepare her for the work she is undertaking today.

She attended a fashionable school (Miss Mason's in Tarrytown on the Hudson) where languages were stressed. She lived in Europe with her mother and her stepfather for a year, immediately after graduation. She married George Tuttle Brokaw (Mr. Brokaw has since died) and had the social experience required of a New York and Newport hostess, running a large establishment, as she will have to run a large embassy in Rome.

As an editor of both *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the 30's, Clare Boothe, as she called herself after her Brokaw divorce, introduced a political emphasis into the pages that had, before then, been devoted to the arts and the minor art of fashion. As the wife of Henry Luce, since 1935, she has been closely in touch with the great political personalities of her day and, because of Mr. Luce's vast publishing interests, has known the inside story of the prewar, war, and post-war events of the whole world.

Playwriting has sharpened her gift for repartee (*The Women*, *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, and *Margin for Error*) were all Broadway successes from her fertile pen and were all turned into moving pictures).

Her first published book, *Stuffed Shirts*, satirized the irresponsible

rich. Her second book, *Europe in the Spring*, published in 1940, first revealed to the public her growing fascination with the way in which the world is run by men who gain and keep power through ambition, inside information, ruthlessness, and the inertia of their opposition. It is an ant-palace view of Europe; and its disillusioned realism has never abandoned her from that day to this.

It was during the Wendell Willkie campaign that Clare Boothe Luce first came to the fore as an outstanding Republican speaker and vote-getter. After the debacle of her party, she set forth, as an intellectual nomad, to take a closer view of the world in which she lived and worked. Representing *Life* magazine as a foreign correspondent, she visited China, the Philippines, Africa, India, and Burma, extending her keen knowledge of today's magnetic fields of power. On her return she decided to run for Congress from her Connecticut home, the 4th District, and served her country as a member of both the 78th and 79th Congresses.

Mrs. Luce was occasionally criticized, during those years, for her extensive absenteeism from the floor of the House. In fact, much of the time she spent away from Washington was invested in increasing her knowledge of the very matters with which the representatives must deal. She made two trips to the war fronts. After a visit to

the neglected theater of Italy, she implored the Congress to send more supplies and human reinforcements to Gen. Mark Clark's hard-pressed men. This intense preoccupation with Italy at a time when most correspondents were occupied with England and France was an omen and preparation for her present job.

Throughout this period Mrs. Luce was mindful of the fact that her constituency included large numbers of Italo-Americans of the first and second generations, whose attitude must be studied and understood. The word *Italy* runs, like a brief chorus, through most of Clare Boothe Luce's activities during the past decade.

When Mrs. Luce became a convert to the Church in February, 1946, she was baptized by Bishop (then Monsignor) Fulton J. Sheen, who is probably one of the least political of all prelates in the modern world.

She has written much, lectured much to Catholic audiences. Her speech, *A Playwright in the Pews*, was a plea for a deeper understanding of the Mass. Her booklet, *Twilight of God*, was apologetic. But, quite apart from her Catholic apostolate, Mrs. Luce always retained her interest in the secular world of politics. And, for the past four years, she knew which man she wanted in the White House, and was prepared to use her considerable talents and contacts to get

him there. That man was Eisenhower.

Not everything that Clare Luce has attempted has succeeded. She has written Hollywood scripts that have been shelved and plays that died on the road. Her efforts to win the Senatorial nomination from Connecticut last autumn ended in disaster. But, undaunted, she set forth, the day after her failure, and campaigned for Eisenhower throughout the Middle West.

Clare Boothe Luce knows, like a seasoned fighter, how to rest while the referee counts nine, and then how to get up, and win the round. And that is a quality of character which is more valuable than most others to herself, and to her country when she represents it in an important post abroad.

In the past few years, between lecture engagements, Hollywood commitments that sometimes last for months, trips abroad, and numerous other interests, Mrs. Luce has been teaching herself Italian by linguaphone. ("Why?" I asked. And her answer was, "Sheer self-indulgence. It interests me.")

She has visited Rome several times since her conversion. In addition to her spiritual wayfarings there and at the shrines of Italy, she has renewed her contact with members of the Italian "white" families, supporters of the House of Savoy during the years when Rome was divided into "white" and "black." As an American am-

bassador, she will not find herself isolated from any social segment of that complex society.

But, if Her Excellency follows the pattern she has so successfully established in recent years, she will not be known as a partygiver, a diplomatic Elsa Maxwell, along the Tiber. With Mr. Luce sharing the honors of the embassy, she will do her stint of entertaining; but the more serious undercurrents of today's political scene will claim her deeper interest.

It will be her primary task to make friends for America in Italy and to make friends for Italy in America. To accomplish that task, in a profound and enduring way, requires more than mere good manners and the leaving of cards with other ambassadors' wives. It requires much more than serving the right wine (which, incidentally, must be the wine of the country: one U.S. official abroad lately wrecked his career by failing to follow that simple rule).

Clare Boothe Luce will have a great deal of work to do in her new post. Ambassadors are expected to be in their offices from 9 to 5 (or, in a siesta-country like Italy, from 9 to 1:30 and from 2:30 to 6). They are permitted two months' vacation a year. Now, in the age of flight, they return to Washington for discussion of pressing affairs far more frequently than in the past: on such visits they are usually allowed a few days hookey.

Mrs. Luce will find in Italy an embassy already staffed with more than 100 employees who know the ropes. Although the regulations would permit her to ask for shifts in personnel, it is unlikely that she will do so: foreign-service workers, like all others, look askance at a new boss who sweeps *too* clean.

She will take with her her own personal secretary, Mrs. Dorothy Farmer, to handle the numerous interests, personal, playwriting, publishing, which must accompany this many-faceted personality to any new role she fills. Otherwise, it seems probable that Clare Boothe Luce will be more likely to ask her embassy employees to instruct *her* than to try to replace *them*. Tact is a characteristic without which a diplomat is lost, indeed; tact is a quality which some years of varied experience have tended to develop in our new ambassador.

The political situation in Italy today is a delicate one and one of vast importance to the Christian world. A communist sweep there would have repercussions that are hard to calculate. The Vatican is not a part of Italy, but it is surrounded by Italy, and the Holy Father himself might become the prisoner of the Reds if a few ballots, more or less, were wrongly marked.

It is a political, not a religious role, she has to play. It is not Clare Boothe Luce, Catholic convert, who is being sent to Rome, but Clare

Boothe Luce, Republican, diplomat, patriot, and woman of extraordinary abilities across the conference table and, when the situation demands, across the teacups, too.

It is an odd situation in which an American Catholic cannot, without endangering her country's honor, walk across the square before St. Peter's and enter the Vatican precincts to say a prayer for peace. Yet that is the situation in which this Catholic woman will find herself in Rome. The separation of Church and state could hardly be more distinct: the schizophrenia of some American groups could scarcely be more intense.

But Clare Boothe Luce understands her assignment. She is not going to the Vatican as a Catholic woman. She is going to Italy as the ambassador of a secular and temporal power to represent its interests to the secular and temporal government of Italy, as any Protestant or agnostic ambassador might.

Everything that has happened in the past has pointed Clare Boothe Luce towards her present history-making assignment. She is a woman doing a man's job. She is a writer turned diplomat. She is a vastly versatile celebrity directing her undoubted talents into a channel so dangerous and uncharted that all Americans, and certainly all American Catholics, must devote their prayers to her success. She is a woman who asks of us all: "Pray for me!"

# Do Americans Get Along Together?

Ninth of a series of articles on a CATHOLIC DIGEST survey  
of religion in the U.S.

IS THE American policy of complete freedom of religion successful? That is, do American Protestants, Catholics, and Jews live together in amity and peace, or are these three great religious groups sources of civil strife and discord? Trouble-makers would have us think so. To find out the facts, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked the American people: Have you had any unpleasant experience with [Catholics, Protestants, Jews]? And if so, what was it? The answers to this question should prove most heartening to all who believe in freedom of religion.

*Catholics and Jews with Protestants.* Only 4% of the 23.7 million Catholics in this country replied that they had any unpleasant experiences; 96% reported that they had none. This means that 22,752,000 Catholics in the U.S. have never had an unpleasant experience with anyone whom they consciously identified as a Protestant!

Only 7% of the 3.5 million American Jews recalled that they had ever had unpleasant experiences with Protestants. And 90% of the Jews replied that they had

not. This leaves 3% of them who "don't know" or "can't remember." Since any unpleasant experience was so slight as to have been forgotten, it seems safe to add this 3% to the 90% who had no unpleasant experiences at all. Thus 3,255,000 of 3½ million American Jews can recall no unpleasant experiences with Protestants.

*Protestants and Jews with Catholics.* Only 9% of the 71.1 million Protestants in this country could recall unpleasant experiences with Catholics. There were 89% of them who replied positively that they had not had, and 2% could not recall. However, 11% of the Jews reported that they had had some unpleasant experience. (This was the highest percentage for any group on this question.) Four per cent of them "didn't know."

That still leaves 85% of the Jews asserting positively that they get along well with Catholics in day-to-day living. Translated into numbers of people, this means that 64,701,000 Protestants and 3,115,000 Jews can remember no unpleasant experience with anybody they thought of as being a Catholic.

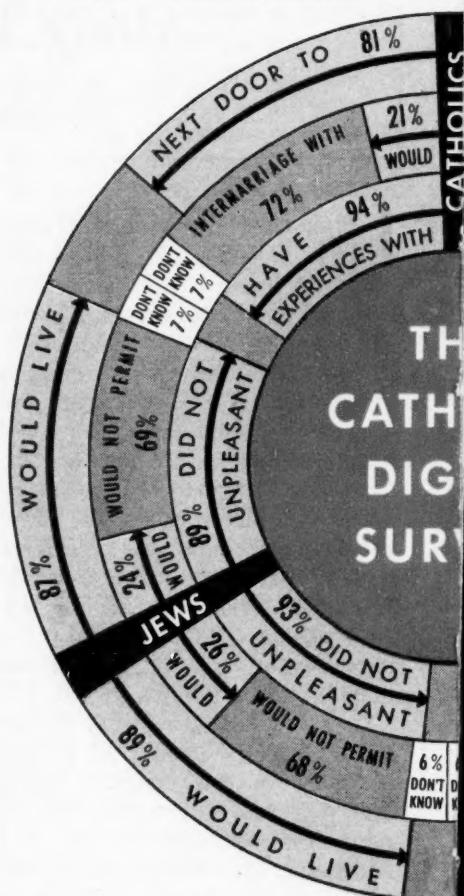
*Catholics and Protestants with Jews.* A mere 6% of the 23.7 million adult Catholics in the U.S. could recall having an unpleasant experience with Jews, and 2% could not remember whether they had or not. An overwhelming 92% were definitely certain that they had not.

Only 8% of the Protestants could recall unpleasant experiences with Jews, 2% "didn't know," and 90% stated that they had none. Jews who sometimes feel that all the ills of the country are attributed to them may take heart from this vote of confidence on the part of 65,412,000 adult Protestants and 22,278,000 adult Catholics.

There is scarcely anyone of us who has not had some unpleasant experience with our fellow men at some time or other in our lives. Indeed, to most of us this happens with distressing frequency. The particularly refreshing aspect to the answers to this question is that Americans apparently do not think: "A Jew pulled this dirty trick on me!" or "What can you expect of a Catholic?" or "That darned Protestant so-and-so!" Americans are broad-minded enough not to blame a man's religion for his unpleasant behavior.

*What was the unpleasant experience?* The unpleasantnesses experienced were many and varied. They arose from such things as conflicts resulting from mixed marriages, contact with the clergy, arguments

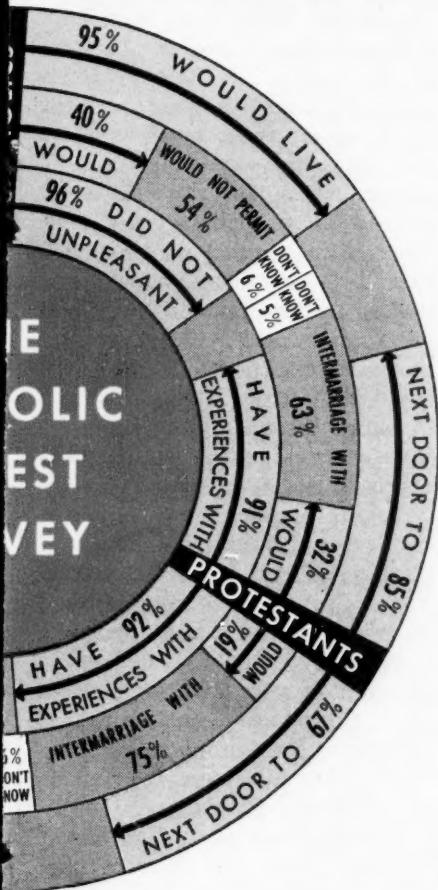
## How Americans Feel



Here are 18 relationships between Americans. "Catholics" and read the outer circle clockwise, not mind living next door to Protestants. Read direction, you will see that 85% of Protestants circle works the same way all the way around to estants, Protestants and Catholics.

Read the middle circle the same way. Take the ing counterclockwise, you see that 21% of Catholics prove, and 7% can't make up their minds. Read find that 24% of Jews approve intermarriage, 69 circle reads the same way.

## Toward Each Other



a's religions. If you start at the top with you will find that 95% of Catholics would living this portion of the circle in the other are willing to live next door to Catholics. The show the relationships between Jews and Prot-

e section between "Catholics" and "Jews." Readies approve of marriage with Jews, 72% disapproving from "Jews" and toward "Catholics," you % do not, and 7% are undecided. The inside

over religion, business dealings, discrimination, objectionable individual traits, name-calling by children.

The most interesting figure is that 5% of the Jews assigned name-calling by children as the unpleasant experience. It is hoped that Catholics learn to behave better when they grow up. Two per cent of the Jews lodged the same complaint with Protestants. This is, perhaps, the form of prejudice most easily eliminated, since it requires only a small amount of soap and/or a judicious spanking.

All the answers to this question indicate emphatically that Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are perfectly capable of living peacefully together in a free society. But do they get along because each group keeps to itself, each maintaining its own neighborhood, its own business club, its own ladies' aid society? Do they get along only because they have little to do with one another?

To find out, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked Americans: Would you just as soon have a Protestant, Catholic, or Jew for your next-door neighbor as someone of your own religion, or not? As usual, the Protestants have reason to rejoice over their acceptance by other Americans.

*Protestants as viewed by Catholics and Jews.* Of the Catholics, 95% said they would be quite happy to have Protestants as next-door neighbors. Only 4% felt that

they would not. One per cent could not decide. Presumably they would not be much upset if a Protestant family moved in next to them. These answers should destroy the fiction that Catholics are "stand-offish."

If Catholics tend to settle thickly in certain neighborhoods, it could be for the perfectly logical reason that Catholics want to be near their churches and schools. Of the Jews, 89% were also quite willing to have a Protestant family as next-door neighbors, and only 7% would not. Four per cent of the Jews could not decide on the point. Quite possibly these Jews hesitate because they are not sure how well they would be accepted.

*Catholics as viewed by Protestants and Jews.* Protestants are markedly less tolerant of Catholics on this point. Still, 85% of them would be perfectly willing to have a Catholic family for neighbors, while 13% would rather have fellow Protestants for next-door neighbors, and 2% couldn't decide. Of the Catholics, 95% showed no aversion to Protestants on this point. Jews were somewhat more willing to accept Catholics, for 87% said they would as soon have Catholics as Jews for neighbors. None of the Jews were unable to decide. That leaves 13% of the Jews (the same percentage as for Protestants) positively less willing to have Catholics as neighbors than members of their own faith.

*Jews as viewed by Protestants and Catholics.* A good majority of Protestants, 67%, were completely willing to have Jews as next-door neighbors. Yet 27% were definitely unwilling, and 6% were doubtful. So Jews do have some cause to feel that they are sometimes discriminated against in real-estate transactions. Catholics seemed much more broad-minded on this question: 81% of them were just as willing to have Jews for neighbors as Catholics. Fifteen per cent showed some prejudice, and 4% could not decide. Here is one area in which there is clearly room for improvement, yet the picture is not nearly so bad as it is often painted.

Taking one long step further in the degree of intimacy involved, the CATHOLIC DIGEST Survey next asked: Would you just as soon have a member of your family marry a Protestant, Catholic, or Jew as someone of your own religion, or not? Considering the traditional attitude of the Catholic Church toward mixed marriages, the answers are extremely surprising.

*Protestants as viewed by Catholics and Jews.* Of the Catholics, 40% voiced no personal objection to having a member of their family marry a Protestant. A majority, 54%, were against it, but this proportion is not nearly so great as might be expected. And 6% were willing to toy with the idea. Although the Catholic Church does not, of course, absolutely forbid

marriages between Catholics and other Christians, it does not encourage them. Old and wise, the Church knows too well the dangers that threaten families in which there is difference in religious belief. Only 26% of the Jews were completely willing to have one of their family marry a Protestant, while 68% were set against it. Six per cent of the Jews were unable to decide.

*Catholics as viewed by Protestants and Jews.* Both Jews and Protestants were less willing to have a member of their family marry a Catholic than Catholics were willing to accept Protestants and Jews. Only 32% of the Protestants and 24% of the Jews felt indifferent on this point. Sixty-three per cent of the Protestants and 69% of the Jews would not entertain the idea, while 5% of the Protestants and 7% of the Jews were undecided.

*Jews as viewed by Protestants and Catholics.* Protestants showed the greatest reluctance of all to the notion of accepting Jews as "in-laws." Only 19% said that it would not make any difference to them, and 75% were opposed. Six per cent could not make up their minds. Of the Catholics 21% could accept the idea, a somewhat smaller percentage than that of the Jews who would be willing to see a member of their family marry a Catholic. Seventy-two per cent of the Catholics definitely rejected the suggestion; 7% could not decide.

Because of the teachings of the various churches concerned, the answers to this question do not constitute a direct index of the degree of religious toleration practiced by the three major religious groups. It is one thing to tolerate another person's religion and quite another to marry into it. Yet, put them with the answers to the other two questions and an interesting picture emerges.

First of all, it seems clear that such distrust as Catholics, Protestants, and Jews feel toward one another (and there is considerable in some areas, political power, for instance) is not based on concrete fact. Remember that only a tiny percentage of each faith reported having had unpleasant experiences with people of a different faith.

Such aversion or distrust must therefore be based not on experience, but on lack of it. The bigot is always the victim of ignorance, and sometimes he is the tool of the demagogue. Religious conflict in this country might have died a

*Information on technical research procedures of this survey may be obtained by writing to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, St. Paul office, or to Ben Gaffin and Associates, Board of Trade Bldg., Chicago, Ill. A complete report on the study will be published later in book form.*

natural death long ago were it not fostered by fearmongers.

The facts revealed here also suggest that the "melting pot" is not the answer to the problem of national unity. Good human relations are always based on an acceptance of self and an acceptance of difference. For it is the fascinating paradox of human nature that it is everywhere different yet everywhere the same. God might have made all men identical, but it pleased Him to make each man unique. The whole notion of human freedom is based on the fact of individual difference. The great vitality of America springs not from the sameness of its people but from the rich variety of differences.

Americans show little tendency to "nurse a grudge" toward members of different faiths with whom

they had unpleasant experiences. They were also to a large degree willing to have people of other religions as next-door neighbors. Yet they showed a strong disposition to resist any outright "amalgamation" of religious traditions through the intermarriage.

The road to national unity would seem to lie in the direction already chartered by such organizations as the National Conference of Christians and Jews, which does not attempt to persuade people that one religion is as good as another, but which aims at religious toleration through common understanding and respect.

The problem is actually one of education. As we Americans come really to know one another, tensions based on religious differences between us should disappear.

### *How Your Church Can Raise Money*

ST. MARY'S PARISH in Menomonee Falls, Wis., near Milwaukee, is undertaking a large expansion program. To raise funds, the women decided to collect their favorite recipes and publish them in a book. About 1,300 recipes were contributed.

A former parishioner, Bob Glueckstein, drew humorous sketches to accompany the recipes. The cartoons depict everyday persons in everyday parish activities, but equipped with halos and wings.

The recipe book is entitled *Our Heavenly Recipes*. The books sell for \$2 (\$2.25 by mail). The first printing of 5,000 was quickly exhausted, and a second printing is being made. The book has already netted the parish \$2,500.

Joseph A. Kneeland.

*Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.*

# You Can Make People Like You

*Love your neighbor and be liked*

By

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Condensed from

"The Power of Positive Thinking"\*



**S**TIVE deliberately after popularity, and the chances are you will never attain it. But become one of those rare personalities about whom people say, "He certainly has something," and you can be certain you are on the way to having people like you.

I must warn you, however, that you will never get everybody to like you. The Bible recognizes this unhappy fact about human nature, when it says, ". . . if it be possible, as much as is in you, having peace with all men."

However, you can follow certain formulas and procedures which can make most persons like you. You can enjoy satisfactory personal relationships even if you are a "difficult" person or are by nature shy and retiring, even unsocial.

The feeling of not being wanted or needed is one of the most devastating of all human reactions. To the degree to which you are sought after will you become a fully re-

leased person. The lone wolf suffers a misery difficult to describe. In self-defense, he retires, ever further within himself. His ingrowing, introverted nature is denied the normal development which the outgoing, self-giving person experiences.

Unless the personality is drawn out of self and can be of value to someone, it may sicken and die. The feeling of not being wanted or needed produces frustration, aging, illness.

A middle-aged woman complained to me that she didn't feel well. She was dissatisfied and unhappy. "My husband is dead, the children are grown, and there is no place for me any more. People treat me kindly, but they are indifferent. Everyone has his own interests and nobody needs me. I wonder, could that be a reason I do not feel well?" she asked. Indeed, that could very likely be an important reason.

\*Copyright, 1952, by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 5th Ave., New York City, and reprinted with permission. 276 pp. \$2.95.

A girl of 21 told me that she had always been unwanted. Someone had given her the notion she was an unwanted child. This serious idea had sunk into her subconscious, giving her a profound sense of inferiority. It made her shy. She became lonely and unhappy, and was, in fact, an underdeveloped personality. The cure for her condition was to revamp her thinking. In time she became a well-liked person.

Popularity can be attained by a few simple, natural, normal, and easily mastered techniques. Become a comfortable person, that is, one with whom people can associate without a sense of strain. A comfortable person is easygoing and natural. He has a genial way about him. Being with him is not unlike wearing an old hat, an old pair of shoes, or an easy old coat. A stiff, reserved, unresponsive individual never meshes into a group. He is always just a bit out of it. You never quite know how to take him or how he will react.

It is very important to cultivate the quality of being natural. Usually that kind of individual is large-souled. Little people are much concerned about how you treat them, are jealous of their place or position, meticulously stand on their prerogatives. Such persons are stiff, and easily offended.

I met James A. Farley, former U. S. Postmaster General, for the first time several years ago. Months

later I met him in a large crowd, and he called me by name. I never forgot that, and it is one reason I have always liked Mr. Farley.

An interesting incident illustrates the secret of this man who is an expert on getting people to like him. He was to speak in Philadelphia at a book-and-author luncheon, along with three other authors, including myself. Mr. Farley and his group were walking along the hotel corridor when they passed a colored maid standing by a cart loaded with sheets and towels. She was paying no attention to anyone. Mr. Farley walked up to her, put out his hand, and said, "Hello, there. How are you? I'm Jim Farley. What's your name? Glad to see you." The girl's mouth was wide with astonishment, and her face broke into a beautiful smile.

A university psychology department head once conducted an analysis of personality traits. One hundred traits were scientifically analyzed, and he reported that you must have 46 favorable traits to be liked. That is a large number. Christianity, however, teaches that one basic trait will go far toward getting people to like you. That trait is a sincere, forthright interest in and love for people. Perhaps if you cultivate this basic trait, other traits will naturally develop.

If you are not the comfortable type of person, I suggest that you make a study of your personality

with a view toward getting rid of conscious and unconscious elements of strain. Do not assume that the reason other people do not like you is because of something wrong with them. Assume, instead, that the trouble is within yourself, and determine to eliminate it.

This procedure will require scrupulous honesty and it may also involve the assistance of personality experts. The scratchy elements in your personality may be qualities which you have taken on through the years. Perhaps they have been assumed defensively, or they may be the result of attitudes developed in younger days. Regardless of origin, they can be eliminated.

Essentially, getting people to like you is merely the other side of liking them. One of the most popular men who lived in the U.S. within the lifetime of most of us was the late Will Rogers. One of the most characteristic statements he ever made was, "I never met a man I didn't like." That may have been a slight exaggeration, but I am sure Will Rogers did not regard it as such. That is the way he felt about people, and as a result people opened up to him like flowers to the sun.

Sometimes it is difficult to like some people. Some people are by nature more likable than others. Nevertheless a serious attempt to know any individual will reveal

admirable, even lovable, qualities in him.

A man I knew had the problem of conquering irritation toward persons with whom he was associated. His dislike for some people was profound. He conquered his feelings by making a list of everything he could possibly admire about each. He added to this list daily.

He surprised himself. Persons he thought he did not like at all proved to have many pleasing qualities. In fact, he couldn't understand how he could ever have disliked them. While he was making these discoveries about them, they, in turn, were finding new, likable qualities in him.

Still another important factor in getting people to like you is to practice building up the ego of others. The ego, being the essence of personality, is sacred to us. There is in every person a normal desire for a feeling of personal worth. If I deflate your personal worth, though you may laugh it off, I have deeply wounded you. In fact, I have shown disrespect for you. While you may show charity toward me, unless you are finely developed spiritually, you are not going to like me very well.

On the other hand, if I elevate your self-respect and contribute to your feeling of personal worth, I am showing you high esteem. I have helped you to be your best self and therefore you appreciate what I have done. You are grate-

ful. You like me for what I have done.

Whomever you help to build up and become a better, stronger, finer person will give you his undying devotion. Build up as many people as you can. Do it unselfishly. Do it because you like them and because you see possibilities in them. Do this and you will never lack for friends. You will always be well thought of. Build people up and love them genuinely.

Here are ten practical rules for getting the esteem of others. Their soundness has been demonstrated. Practice them until you become expert at them.

1. Learn to remember names. Inefficiency at this point may indicate that your interest is not sufficiently outgoing. A man's name is very important to him.

2. Be a comfortable person so there is no strain in being with you—be an old-shoe kind of person.

3. Acquire the quality of relaxed easygoingness so that things do not ruffle you.

4. Don't be egotistical. Guard against giving the impression that

you know it all. Be natural and normally humble.

5. Cultivate the quality of being interesting so that people will want to be with you and be stimulated by association with you.

6. Study to get the scratchy elements out of your personality, even those of which you may be unconscious.

7. Sincerely attempt to heal, on an honest Christian basis, every misunderstanding you have had or now have. Drain off your grievances. Pray for others.

8. Practice liking people until you learn to do so genuinely. Remember what Will Rogers said, "I never met a man I didn't like." Try to be that way.

9. Never miss an opportunity to say a word of congratulation upon anyone's achievement, or express sympathy in sorrow or disappointment.

10. Live on a deep spiritual level so that you have something to give people that will help them to be stronger and meet life more effectively. Give strength to people and they will give affection to you.



*A*n Ohio mother, watching her three young sons making rather free with her husband's haberdashery, discovered a new children's game. She was about to scold them, but her curiosity got the better of her, and she questioned them first. "Why are you tying only red ties around your stomachs?" she asked.

The young TV fans proclaimed, "We're playing Bishop Sheen."

Joseph F. Beckman, Jr.

# My Brainwashing in China

*For 370 long days and longer nights I was subjected to a Chinese-communist education*

By RICHARD COCQUYT, I.H.M.

Condensed from *Mission*\*

**A**CTUALLY it was the life of a jailbird, but the Reds called it a year in special school. The people call it "brainwashing." On Aug. 4, 1951, my compulsory education began with a five-hour court session. Six men questioned me while they smoked and drank tea. I stood between armed soldiers.

They asked the dreaded question: "Do you confess that you hate communism and work against it? Answer, Yes or No."

Very calmly I answered, "Yes and No."

"You devil," they screamed, "answer Yes or No."

I repeated, "Yes and No. As a godless and materialistic system, I hate communism. As a system of social reform and political ideology, I have not fought against it, for I grew up on a farm and have worked for 20 years among Chinese farmers."

"Don't be stupid. That's not what we asked."

I paid no heed to the interruption and went on. "I only want one thing, that all communists receive the true faith; then we can live together."

They became furious. They tore off my cassock, twisted my hands, and handcuffed them behind my back. They kicked me to the floor, then dragged me into the hot sunshine. I fell backward quite often, and they propped me up with a board. The back of my neck hurt so much I could no longer think or speak clearly. They called me the vilest names in the Chinese vocabulary.

"Don't expect any compassion; it's our job to torture people." This lasted from five to eight hours. I thought of our Lord on the cross. The next day they recounted my sins and crimes. "You are a running dog for the imperialistic



\*109 E. 38th St., New York City 16. January-February, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Pope. You work against the church reform in China. You are a rebel. You work for the Legion of Mary. You are a spy for America; a traitor to China."

They sang this theme to me for 370 long days and 370 even longer nights. Thus my four-term school year with the Reds began.

*First term: the Battue.* This commenced with a four-week imprisonment in a dark cell with my hands handcuffed behind my back. I was forced to stand day and night. No Mass; no Breviary; no books, papers, visits, cigarettes nor relaxation. Three times a day they brought some food, loosened the handcuffs, and let me sit down. My feet and legs swelled. I stood until I collapsed, which I did several times. Once I fell and dislocated a finger, which made the guards furious. "You damned devil! We forbid you to fall but you fall anyway. Worse, you have broken your finger. Confess! You did it purposely!"

Everyone who passed by came in and kicked or slapped me. Sometimes I wandered into the passage, as though sleepwalking, and everyone I met slapped or kicked me. In one day I received between 200 and 300 blows or kicks. Besides iron handcuffs, they also tied ropes tightly around my arms. The arms bled. Four guards watched me day and night. It was their job to kick

and beat me and to repeat the song, "Confess your sins. Do penance for all your evil misdeeds, and we will let you go." One said this in a friendly, admonishing voice. Another punctuated it with curses; a third said it with fatherly sternness; and the last repeated the theme with mocking compassion.

Each night, between 12 and 2 A.M., I was given the opportunity to confess my sins to several judges. Never was this confession satisfactory. I was not sincere. I evidenced ill will. My crimes were much greater than I could imagine. Once they took off the handcuffs. Noticing my lame arm and broken finger, they promised to call for a doctor. But first I would have to accuse the Lazarists' superior, Father Tichitte, of being a spy, and drag Father Van Lierde's name through the gutter. They mockingly called him "Father Van Liefde" (the Father of Love), and said, "Don't have any compassion for those men. Accuse them and we will let you go."

I answered, "I would rather die than bring false accusations against them. It is better for me to die than to commit a sin."

*Second term: Terrorism.* The next three months I was allowed to pace my room, like an animal in a cage. My main occupation was writing endless "confessions." At night they came screaming into



my room, "Go confess your crimes. If you don't, we will burn you, starve you, start the night wakes again! We will crucify you, stone you, bury you alive. Think it over!"

Not only was my body in their power, day and night, but my senses were captive by a kind of hypnosis. For example, over a period of three or four months, I was sure I heard a friend, Father Tiberi, O.F.M., scream under all kinds of torments. I could hear him day and night, until he lost his mind and was taken away. Eight months later, when we were on the same ship, I congratulated him for his heroic stand. He was surprised, for he had never been in Taipingsang.

On Aug. 15, it rained hard all day. Through the window I saw one of our priests tied to a tree in the yard. Next day he was still there, drenched and dead. Eleven months later, on the ship, I asked who that priest was. The other Fathers told me it must have been a hallucination, for there had been no such case.

Even now I cannot distinguish clearly between what I did and what I dreamed, so tightly was I in their power. They became masters of my mind. The human mind works dependently on the senses, and I had lost power over these long ago. All that remained was

my free will, but in the next period, they stole even this. I became their captive completely, body and soul.

*Third term: Tantalization.* To take from me my free will and conscience they resorted to false radio reports, telephone messages, and whispering guards at my door. Through these they convinced me that Peking and China had been liberated from communism, Chiang Kai-shek had landed in Shanghai, established his residence in Nanking, the UN armies had broken through on the Korean front. Naturally, I was expecting to be liberated any day. But every day brought a new disillusionment.

The guards said, "Tomorrow," "The day after tomorrow," "Next week."

And every time the promised day arrived, it was pushed back again, until I began to hear the voice of the head man of the prison. His voice pursued me, from morning till evening, and even during the night. Each time I woke, I heard it. He tried to win my confidence, and succeeded. In that way, he stole from me my conscience and free will.

"Give me your full confidence! I will let you work as a missionary in Peking," he said. "Forget about all your oral prayers. I will guide you to higher mental prayer, and you never will commit a sin.



I will transform you into a saint, a Catholic-communist." So I gave him my confidence. Meekly, I confessed all the sins of my former life, discussed theological questions, made high philosophical speculations. He said he knew everything from reading the minds of all the imprisoned priests in Peking. I believed in this weird knowledge of his. Doubts about the faith, "dark nights," obscene imaginations by the thousands, all these he suggested to me until I begged to be executed. But he said, "No, we don't want dead martyrs. We want living, holy communists."

For months I did everything "the boss" said. I agreed to become a small wheel in the giant machine of "Catholic communism" which would conquer the world. This lasted until late February, 1952. Then four of us Immaculate Heart of Mary Fathers and four Chinese priests were transferred to Niupaitzu in a closed truck. The guards pulled my hat over my eyes so I could not see. Not until months later, on the ship, did I find out who was with me on that truck.

*Fourth term: Positive Indoctrination.* Since they kept treating me as a convict and an enemy, my confidence was pretty well shot, but still I could not see the devilish face behind the smiling mask of "Catholic communism." They removed my handcuffs (after seven months)



and gave me plenty of communist literature. But there still was hard training ahead.

The daily schedule for the last five months was: 5 A.M., arise, make your bed, sit on a chair, read your pamphlet, meditate on it, facing the bare wall; 6 A.M., visit the bathroom with a guard, sit down again, read, meditate, face the bare wall; 8 A.M., walk around the room for five or ten minutes, depending on the guards' good will; then sit down, read, meditate, face that wall; 9 A.M., first meal: two buns, a small saucer of vegetables, a cup of hot water, always sitting on that same chair; then, read, meditate, face the wall; 12 noon, to the bathroom with the guard, then sit, read, meditate, face that wall; 2 P.M., walk around the room for a few minutes, sit, read, meditate—and the wall, enough to drive one mad, don't close your eyes; 4 P.M., second meal (same as first), sit, read, etc; 6 P.M., walk for a few minutes, then sit, read, etc; 8 P.M., last visit to the bathroom, with same assistance, sit, read, etc; 10 P.M., bedtime, strictly forbidden to wake up!

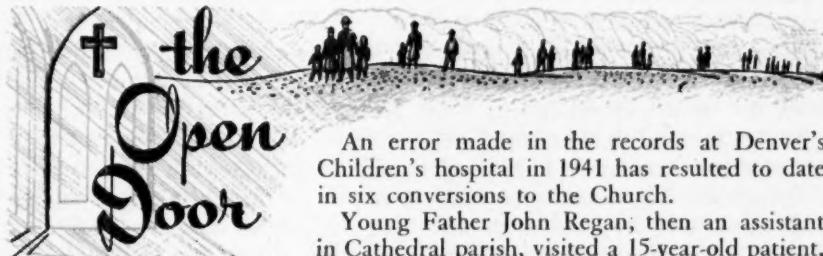
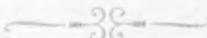
In these five months I received about ten pamphlets to read, re-read and meditate upon. Communist ideas began to seep through. Sometimes they were forced into my head by the "voice of the boss," who did not let me lose a minute,

to make me "understand" these books and accept their teachings. Gradually I lost confidence in the voice, but I still feared it.

Finally on Aug. 5, 1952, I was called to hear the verdict: "First, on account of your zeal for the Legion of Mary; second, on account of your opposition to the

Independent Chinese church, we condemn you, and expel you forever from China. Being merciful, we will release you immediately and will not put you to death."

On Aug. 6 they put me on a night train. Two days later I was on the ship *Hunan*, as free as a bird escaping the nets of the hunter.



An error made in the records at Denver's Children's hospital in 1941 has resulted to date in six conversions to the Church.

Young Father John Regan, then an assistant in Cathedral parish, visited a 15-year-old patient, Patricia McAnespie, while making his hospital rounds. "Would you like to go to confession, Patricia?"

The young girl looked at him, puzzled. "Confession? I don't know what you mean."

An orderly had mistakenly listed her as a Catholic. But that did not end it for Patricia McAnespie. She thought it over and ended up by asking Father Regan to tell her about the Catholic faith. Six months later she was received into the Church.

That excited her older brother's interest. A year later Jack McAnespie was received into the Church.

This set the parents of the two children to thinking. In 1946, when Father Regan returned to Denver from a stint in the armed services as a chaplain, the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McAnespie, took instructions and were baptized.

Then, in 1950, Father Regan, still amazed at the chain of events that had started with a mistaken entry on a hospital form, baptized Patricia's husband of two years, John Collins, and their little month-old daughter, Ann Elizabeth.

Six conversions in nine years! Father Regan cannot believe, somehow, that it is all a mistake.

Ed Miller.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

# Death of a Communist

*What doth it profit a man?*

By DOUGLAS HYDE

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

**T**HEY put my friend Ludwig into the death cell on the morning of Nov. 27, 1952. He had been taken into court earlier that day to be sentenced. When the judge told him that he would be hanged by his neck until he was dead, the crowd cheered.

The judge said that he could get advice about an appeal if he wished. Ludwig, like the others sentenced with him, had a word with his lawyer. Then he said the punishment was just, and that he deserved it. Therefore he would not appeal.

It was not the sort of end that ever entered into our calculations in earlier days. We used to sit in my London *Daily Worker* office talking of what the postwar communist Czechoslovakia would be like.

He was working for me as a special correspondent in those days. He wrote on Czech and other Central European affairs, bringing in the political gossip from what we called "exile-government circles." We used to pull his leg because of his anxiety to look as unforeign

as possible. He made himself look more English than the English. He dressed in the roughest of rough tweeds with matching caps, of the sort that he had seen in those illustrated magazines which show the petty bourgeoisie how the rich really live. He took the joking with a smile, for he was the easiest of men to get on with. Moreover, he was, in dressing like that, only taking the party's orders very seriously, as he always did. He had been told that, with a German name like Freund, he must make himself appear as English as he could.



\*386 4th Ave., New York City 16, Jan. 2, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Ludwig was a Sudeten-German Jew who joined the Communist party in his youth. That was not really a very surprising thing to do, under the circumstances. He was an intelligent youth living in the Sudetenland, that much contested cockpit of rival nationalisms. In the years following the 1st World War, the communists claimed to be above the sordid national struggle. That Ludwig should turn to them was natural enough, particularly since he had no other faith to hold onto.

That he should go into the party which most loudly condemned the anti-Semites was equally understandable. He was a sensitive young Jew, living in a part of Europe with an ugly record of political anti-Semitism. And, being intelligent, he quickly rose in the party. In due course, he became editor of the Prague edition of *Rote Fahne*, the German Communist-party daily paper.

As the nazi influence in the area expanded, the job required courage, too, but Ludwig, although quiet and small, showed he had plenty of that as well. He stuck to his post right up to the moment when the nazis marched into the Sudetenland. Then the party, which at once went underground, ordered its Jewish leaders to get out. If they stayed and were not discovered to be communists they would still be picked up as Jews.

Under a Czech-government schol-

arship plan, Ludwig was given the chance to work on any British newspaper he chose. The idea was that he should learn all about British democratic methods. Not unnaturally, but somewhat ironically, he chose the communist *Daily Worker*. And so he came to work for me.

His main job was to keep our readers informed of what was happening among the many *émigré* governments then in London, although he did some home reporting for the *Worker*, too. This provided a perfect cover for communist organizing, and he was given entrance to almost all political circles.

But a good part of the time he was office-based. When the reporters had been sent out on assignments, we would talk. Often we would discuss the new communist Czechoslovakia we were both sure would arise at the end of the war. At that time there was no other communist country but Russia, nor had there ever been. We assumed that the new communist states of the postwar world would, as our propaganda had always foretold, take on distinctive forms, adapting themselves to national cultures and traditions. Our views were shared by communists everywhere, including those Czechs who were recently put into the dock with Ludwig and those who put them there.

Czechoslovakia almost self-consciously belonged to the West. Therefore we said that it would be

unlike the USSR in many respects. In our innocence, we planned the forms it might take. We wondered how much it would be able to use of what the West had to offer. We speculated on how much of the experience of the Russian dictatorship of the proletariat could be adapted to Czech conditions.

Ludwig's influence grew as the Red army drove into Central Europe. Soon he was writing articles on Czech problems for the *Daily Worker* to which, with a minimum of persuasion, noncommunist politicians put their signatures. His nation's liberals were already beginning to show their lack of principle. That lack was their fundamental weakness and ultimately their undoing.

When his country was liberated, Ludwig went back and stepped very quickly into a position of importance. He planned behind the scenes both the Two and Five-Year Plans which were intended to change the face of the country. It was as former head of the National Economy department of the Chancellery of the President of the Republic that, on Nov. 22, 1952, he appeared in the dock. Thirteen other planners of the brave new Czechoslovakia were with him.

The charge against them was, said the Cominform journal, "that, being Trotskyite-Titoite, and Zionist, bourgeois-nationalist traitors and enemies of the people's democratic system and of Socialism, and being

in the service of the American imperialists, they, under the leadership of hostile Western intelligence services, formed an antistate conspiratorial center, undermined the people's democratic system, disrupted the construction of Socialism, damaged the national economy by espionage. . . ." That, and a great deal more besides.

He had been my friend. And I happened to be ill at the time, with plenty of opportunity to think. So I tried to imagine him in the dock.

He had a high forehead and a sensitive, intelligent, friendly face. I pictured him looking around the court and seeing the only Englishman present at the press table, Sam Russell of the *Daily Worker*.

Sam used to be my deputy and he, too, liked and respected Ludwig when he worked with us. He, like Ludwig, was a Jew. But if Ludwig thought that he had found in Sam the only possible friend in the court he was mistaken. Sam cabled an ice-cold 15,000-word report of his "confession" to the *Worker*.

Ludwig said in his confession that all along he had been an agent of the British Intelligence service. He was even made to blacken the Liberal organization which had brought him, as a Jewish refugee fleeing for his life, to Britain and safety. Three days later he went back into the box to plead that only a death sentence was bad enough for the things he had done. His son, on the previous day, had writ-

ten to the court demanding the same sentence. The court obliged, to the accompaniment of the cheers of the crowd.

What was there left for Ludwig when he was taken down to the death cells? He had never practiced his Jewish religion. As a Marxist, he had rejected all others.

He joined the communists because of his hatred of anti-Semitism. Yet he knew now that he was no more than a pawn in one of the most cynical anti-Semitic trials of all time. He had joined because he was in revolt against the dangers of nationalism. Yet his trial had shown clearly the way in which the Kremlin chiefs now demand of their satellites 100% subservience to Russia's national pride and aspirations. He had joined the communists because of the idealism that was in him in his youth; his trial had become a macabre comment on the way communism squanders and degrades idealism. He had hated capitalists as only a communist can, yet now he had "confessed" to being their agent.

When other communists have been executed in the past it has usually been at the hands of their enemies, and they have died sustained by the hatred that was in them. Even that was denied to him. Ernst Thaelmann, the German communist leader, was tortured by the Nazis. Every man in the Moabit jail could hear the revolutionary slogans he shouted at those who pressed him against the heated iron. Before Gabriel Peri, former foreign editor of *l'Humanité*, the French *Daily Worker*, was taken out by the Germans to be executed, he was buoyed up by his belief in the inevitability of a Marxist victory. He wrote, "I die so that France may live."

But what do the new communist "martyrs," the ones who die at the hands of their comrades, have to sustain them?

That is not a question that just one former communist has been asking himself. There must be communists and fellow travelers all over the West who are secretly asking themselves the same question.



### *Death and Texas . . .*

A TEXAN, arriving at the gates of his eternal home, remarked, "Gee, I never thought heaven would be so much like Texas."

"Son," said the man at the gate sadly, "this ain't heaven."

### *. . . We Have Always With Us*

IT MAY be a privilege to live in the state of Texas, but it's a higher privilege to die in the state of Grace.

*Arkansas Baptist.*

# Migraine Is Mysterious

*It may hit you elsewhere if  
it misses your head*

By CARO W. LIPPMAN, M.D., and  
MARGARET LIPPMAN

Condensed from "Understanding Your Migraine Headache"\*



**D**O YOU HATE to get up in the morning? If your answer to this question is Yes, you'd better ask yourself a few other questions.

Do you do your best work at night? Are you finicky about what you eat? Have you a keen sense of smell? Do fluorescent lights bother you? Do you demand perfection in everything around you? Do crowds annoy or tire you? Are you absent-minded? When you see a picture hanging crooked, do you feel that you must straighten it?

If you answer Yes to most of these questions, it's a pretty safe bet that somebody in your family has sick headaches. And that makes you a migraine. Though you may never have had a headache in your life, you have inherited the migraine factor. That factor dominates your life and everything you do. It helps to determine how successful you are at your job and how well you get along with others.

Twelve million Americans know they have migraine headaches. For

each of these, probably two others have migraine, though they may not know it. That makes around 30 million migrainoids.

Migraine headache was known even in ancient Egypt. Volumes of medical literature have been written about this peculiar, one-side pain in the head. Only recently, however, has it been discovered that many persons may suffer from the migraine factor without ever feeling a headache!

Many a migrainoid suffers from a misplaced headache. Such people may think they have stomach ulcers, gall-bladder disease, appendicitis, sinus trouble, or toothache. They may submit to all kinds of futile operations.

Helen, an expert beauty operator, used to stay home with "sick headaches." She once had occasional attacks of abdominal pain. She had her appendix out years before, but she still had the pains. She noticed that she never had abdominal pains and a headache at the same time. Her doctor suspected that she might

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be a migrainoid. After treatment for migraine, her abdominal symptoms completely disappeared.

Not all persons, of course, with intermittent headaches and occasional pains are migrainoids. Yet there are four signs that will cause a physician to suspect that migraine is at the bottom of any mysterious pain. 1. A family history of "sick headaches." 2. Headaches that are "replaced" by violent pains in some other part of the body. 3. Good health between attacks. 4. The headache and the mysterious pain never felt at the same time.

A migraine is an inherited chemical imbalance which makes a person oversensitive to all mental and physical influences. A migrainoid may look and feel like death in the morning; by nightfall he may be bursting with health and vitality. He may sleep while others work and work best while others sleep. He is often a puzzle to himself and everyone around him.

Many migrainoids, unfortunately, are thought to be mentally ill. Indeed, they may suffer mental upsets, including spells of uncontrollable rage and even hallucinations. Yet they are perfectly normal, except for the migraine factor.

The peculiar body chemistry of the migrainoid makes him extremely sensitive. Bright sunlight may torture him. Few migrainoids can bear fluorescent light. Their eyes are so sensitive that they see the slightest flicker.

Many migrainoids cannot enjoy a movie because the flicker that we take for movement is fully apparent to them. They hate loud and sudden noises, or any persistent sound. A dripping faucet may cause them to rush out and turn it off. They have very keen taste and smell. They cannot tolerate the odor of boiling cabbage, and they are unanimous in disliking turnips. A survey of winetasters and tea-tasters would probably show a large percentage of these professionals to be migrainoids.

Most migrainoids prefer to travel by air rather than by train or by auto. They are easily made seasick, carsick, or trainsick, but their delicate sense of equilibrium seems fully at home in a plane.

These people are human barometers. They can sense an impending change in the weather, so sensitive are they to atmospheric pressure. On a day before a storm, a migrainoid often grows restless and irritable. As the storm approaches, he can't sit still. He must release his nervous tension in constant activity. When the storm breaks, his own storm of tension breaks. He then usually feels a tired sensation that may last a day or two.

A series of checkups was made on a group of known migrainoids who live on the Atlantic coast. The weather there is extremely variable. It was found that when one of these people reported waking suddenly at a certain time of night

most of the others had awakened at the same time. A rise in the wind may cause a migrainoid to become irritable. But if he walks outside in a high wind, his irritability may be replaced by a pleasant sense of exhilaration.

Usually, migrainoids are higher than normal intellectually. Ordinarily, they function adequately in the world around them. They usually possess a high degree of judgment and insight.

The migrainoid doesn't always confuse reality with unreality. He is sometimes painfully aware of it when his senses are playing tricks. It is often difficult for a doctor to get a detailed description of a migrainoid's "unreal" experiences. He hesitates to tell anyone about them, for he is afraid of being considered neurotic or just plain crazy. Yet his strange experiences are very real to him. Often he will answer a telephone or doorbell that has not rung. He may see things that aren't there. One migrainoid got himself thrown out of a fashionable restaurant after he had loudly complained three times about a rat that he said had skittered across the floor. Nobody else had seen it, and the proprietor thought the man was drunk.

Even a migrainoid's sense of taste or smell may fool him. He may find it impossible to eat on certain days. He may describe perfectly good food as tasting bloody, leathery, musty, metallic, or rotten.

One housewife turned her house upside down looking for a smell of "something burning." Nothing was.

Migrainoids often suffer from blind spots of memory. Actually they may have excellent memories, capable of retaining a great many complex things. But they may find that they have hopelessly forgotten one extremely important thing.

Like the time a Professor Wilson was to dine at a friend's house. When he arrived, he found the whole family greatly embarrassed and no food on the table. He had been expected one week earlier.

Every migrainoid is dominated by a desire for perfection. He may desire it in his work, appearance, home, or all three. Women of this type may ruin their marriages and destroy the love of husband and children because they cannot control an inner drive that makes them ignore common sense. They cannot bear to have a chair moved one inch. They pat cushions back in shape the minute you rise from their sofa.

Migrainoids may be positive or negative perfectionists. The first kind drive themselves to exhaustion to reach perfection. Fortunately, they usually have a knack of organizing their energies. A great many of them are highly successful editors, authors, engineers, executives, doctors, artists, lawyers, and musicians.

They do much of the good work

of the world. They have instinctive good taste. Their homes may not be expensive or elaborate, but they are always attractive, clean, and, above all, comfortable. These people feel, work and play intensely.

Negative perfectionists are no less intelligent, idealistic or gifted. But their inherited chemical imbalance makes them inadequate to the monotonous tasks of daily life. They dream about perfection, but they lack the energy to strive for it.

They can accomplish a great deal as long as they keep their interest in what they are doing. But they seldom finish a job because their interest is quickly exhausted. They live with words and thoughts rather than deeds. They rarely take immediate action. They weigh all the possible choices, until the time for decision has long passed.

Yet their insight is excellent. What they need most is a chance to know what makes them tick. With treatment for their migraine, they often make a good adjustment to life.

Both types of migrainoid are usually more successful at work in which they can be their own boss. Then they are free to choose their own peculiar working hours and do things in their own way.

Strangely enough, if you are migrainoid, your chances of a happy marriage are better than average. Because of your exceptional insight, you are probably quick to understand the spiritual and emotional

needs of others. You know the importance of being comfortable. Therefore you know the value of a good home.

If a husband is a migrainoid, the problems are simple. The wife must keep him comfortable and free from strain at home. She must not make the mistake of devoting her entire time to the children. No man likes to come home to a house dominated by noisy, saucy youngsters. This is especially true of a migrainoid, who has been under a strain during working hours. His home must be one where father comes first.

It is not so easy when the wife is a migrainoid. Getting up early in the morning, preparing meals on time, and keeping up with the unremitting cares of children and housework may make married life agony for her.

Migrainoid wives are happy only with extremely patient men. No matter what the homemaking magazines advise, the migrainoid wife must be able to do most of her work when she feels like it. If she wants to vacuum at 10 P.M., her husband must sigh and understand. If she is a negative perfectionist, she may be wasteful, slovenly, and easily discouraged. Then, only enough money to provide baby sitters and maids will save the day. But it is the superior insight of the migrainoid party that will usually promote the harmony that makes for a happy home.

# Our Father in Heaven

*Tenth in a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST  
survey of religion in the U.S.*

THE LORD is my shepherd; how can I lack anything? He gives me a resting place where there is pasture, and leads me out by cool waters, to make me live anew.... Long ago, nearly all men thought of God in this way, as a Shepherd mindful of His flock, or as a Father concerned for His children here on earth.

Do Americans of today still think of God as the Good Shepherd, or as a less personal force, something like the atom? Do they think that His glory is to be found in the trees and the sky and the eyes of a little child, or in the mushroom cloud off Bikini? To find out, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked: How do you think of God—as a loving Father who looks after us; as some kind of supernatural power you can't describe; or how?

Of all the people in the U.S., including Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and other religions, 79% believe in a God who loves us and looks after us. (The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey has already determined that 99% of all Americans believe in God, as reported in the November issue.) Some 17% regard God

as a supernatural power of some kind, and the remainder are either unbelieving or undecided about it.

When this question was put to Catholics, 81% of them replied that they thought of God as a loving Father, while 19% reported that they pictured Him as some kind of a supernatural power. Does this mean that 19% of all Catholics have an idea of God that is in conflict with the teachings of the Catholic Church? Not necessarily. Carried to extremes, both views of God are wrong, according to Catholic doctrine. To individual ancient Hebrews God was indeed a loving Father, yet one with all-too-human characteristics. This primitive, half-formed notion of God pictured Him as sometimes angry, sometimes jealous, sometimes even revengeful. It remained for Jesus Christ to give men a better idea of His and our Father.

To ascribe to God characteristics that are essentially human (including human imperfections) is to fall into serious error, according to Catholic teaching. Most of the primitive religions, including that of the ancient Greeks, erred in this direction. Nevertheless, Christ

taught us to say, "Our Father, *who art in Heaven.*"

On the other hand, when one regards God vaguely as "some kind of supernatural power," he may fall into the error of deism, which conceives of God as a kind of supernatural craftsman, who fashioned a nearly perfect, self-perpetuating universe which runs on and on, like a super-Rolls-Royce, without any maintenance on God's part. The "enlightened" philosophers of the 18th century thought of God in this light.

Although the Catholic Church has clearly defined the chief attributes of God, Catholics are allowed some latitude in forming their own personal and private notion of what God is like. It is a characteristic of human nature that no two persons see things exactly the same. Each one of us calls up a slightly different mental picture at the mention of even such common words as *father, country, friend, tree, chair, or God.* As long as a Catholic believes in a God who is all-good, all-holy, all-truthful, and all-powerful, his views are in line with the teaching of the Church. He must also believe that he himself is made in the image and likeness of God, that is, that he has intellect and free will.

Surprisingly enough, more Protestants, 82%, thought of God as a loving Father than Catholics did even though most Protestants pray, "*Our Father which art in Heaven.*"

Some 14% of the Protestants regarded God as some kind of supernatural power, while the remainder either didn't believe in Him at all or had no notion of what He is like. Of the Protestants, the Baptists held most closely to the idea of a highly personal God, with 88% of them asserting this belief, while only 61% of the Congregationalists said they thought of God as a loving Father. The Episcopalians showed the greatest percentage of those whose idea of God didn't fit in either category, with 12% of them saying frankly they couldn't agree with either picture.

When the question was put to American Jews, 40% of them replied that they think of God as a loving Father. Another 40% think of God as some kind of power, while 20% said their notion of God didn't fit either category.

Women are much more inclined to think of God as a Father than men are. Taking all the religious groups together, 84% of the women think of God in this way, while

**Percentages of 104 million Americans over 18 who**



**Question 10-c.** How do you think of God—as a loving Father who looks after us; as some kind of supernatural power but don't know what; or how?

	Millions of People This Represents	Think of God As Some Kind of Power %	Others %
	104.0	79	17
<b>TOTAL U. S.</b>	104.0	79	17
<b>RELIGION—R. Catholic.</b>	23.7	81	19
Protestant total.....	71.1	82	14
Baptist.....	18.0	88	10
Methodist.....	16.6	82	14
Lutheran.....	7.9	77	18
Presbyterian.....	7.2	77	16
Episcopal.....	3.0	76	12
Congregational.....	1.6	61	30
Other denominations.....	16.8	82	14
Jewish.....	3.5	40	40
Other and None.....	5.7	50	27
<b>SEX—Men.....</b>	51.5	73	20
Women.....	52.5	84	13
<b>AGE—18-24.....</b>	11.8	80	16
25-34.....	23.4	80	15
35-44.....	22.3	77	18
45-54.....	20.0	76	19
55-64.....	13.7	77	17
65 & over.....	12.8	81	14
<b>RACE—White.....</b>	93.7	79	17
Negro.....	10.3	79	17
<b>EDUCATION—0-8th grade.....</b>	25.0	79	17
1-3 years' high school.....	19.8	84	13
High-school graduate.....	39.4	80	17
1-3 years' college.....	7.3	75	19
College graduate.....	12.5	63	22
<b>OCCUPATION—Professional.....</b>	9.3	70	20
Proprietor or manager.....	9.4	74	18
White-collar worker.....	19.5	78	18
Service worker.....	10.4	77	20
Manual worker.....	40.9	81	15
Farmer.....	13.0	88	8
Other.....	1.5	73	21
<b>INCOME—Upper.....</b>	17.7	76	16
Middle.....	53.0	79	17
Lower.....	33.3	80	16
<b>CITY SIZE—Over Million.....</b>	12.1	69	23
100,000-1 Million.....	18.6	73	22
25,000-100,000.....	12.2	79	15
10,000-25,000.....	8.2	82	15
Under 10,000.....	35.9	81	16
Rural.....	17.0	85	11
<b>REGION—New England.....</b>	6.4	80	19
Middle Atlantic.....	20.8	73	22
South Atlantic.....	14.6	84	13
East South Central.....	7.9	91	8
West South Central.....	10.0	85	12
East North Central.....	21.0	76	18
West North Central.....	9.7	76	15
Mountain.....	3.5	62	20
Pacific.....	10.1	76	19

only 73% of the men do. Women are also more definite in their idea of God, because 13% thought of Him as some kind of supernatural power, leaving only 3% unbelieving or undecided. Of the men, 20% think of Him as a supernatural power, while 7% were undecided.

A person's age seemingly has little to do with his idea of God once he has reached the age of 18, and his race has nothing to do with the matter. Surprising though it may seem, that is the fact, as revealed by the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey.

One's degree of education, on the other hand, seems to have a great bearing on his notion of God. People who had from one to three years of high school seem most inclined to think of God as a Father (84%), while those who have been graduated from college seem the least inclined to that belief (only 63%). Yet this fact is not surprising, since college training usually makes people much more at home in handling abstract mental concepts. College graduates were also less decided on the question, only 22% of them regarding God as a supernatural power, and 15% of them either undecided or unbelieving.

A person's occupation also showed a direct bearing upon the nature of his belief. Farmers, who are perhaps in the best position to see the hand of God in nature, were most inclined to think of God as a loving Father (88%). Less than 1%

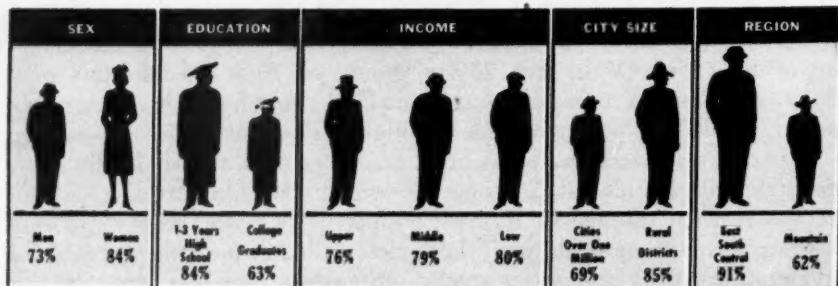
of the farmers didn't believe in God at all.

Professional men were least likely to think of God as a loving Father than any other occupational group, yet 70% did take this view of God. That figure is considerably higher than the 63% for college graduates as a whole. Possibly the doctors, who, like farmers, have an opportunity to see the work of God close at hand, push the average for professional workers up. Of this group, 20% think of God as a supernatural power and 10% are unable to fit their notion of God into either category.

The size of a person's income also had a direct relation to his mental picture of God. People in the lower-income group were more likely to think of God as a Father (80%) than people in the higher-income brackets (76%). The middle-income group fell neatly in between with 79%, proving that there is a definite progression from one view to the other.

There was also a marked difference in the attitudes of city dwellers and those who live in the country. Generally speaking, the larger the community, the less likely a person is to think of God as a loving Father. Only 69% of the people living in cities of over a million population think of God as a Father, whereas 85% of those living in rural areas do. And people are more likely to think of God as a Father if they live in cities of less

**Breakdown of percentages of 104 million Americans over 18  
who think of God as a loving Father, by**



than 10,000 than if they live in cities of more than 100,000. Here again, as with farmers, the people who live close to nature seem more likely to think of God as a loving Father.

Even that part of the U.S. in which one happens to live seems to have some bearing on his mental picture of God. An overwhelming majority (91%) of the people living in the East South Central portion of the country, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, think of God as a loving Father. On the other hand, only 62% of those living in the mountain area of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, and Nevada think of God in this way. This is surprising, since these states are almost exclusively rural areas.

The people of the West South Central states of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Texas report a high (85%) belief in God as a

Father. This attitude toward God is strong in New England, with 80% of the people in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut reporting that they thought of Him as a Father. This is hardly surprising, since traditional Protestantism and traditional Catholicism still are strong in New England. On the other hand, the Middle Atlantic states of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania report only 73% of the people holding this view. The Pacific states of Washington, California, and Oregon reported 76% of the people thinking of God as a Father.

Translated into people, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey's findings mean that 82,160,000 of the 104 million people 18 years of age or older in the U.S. believe in a personal God who loves them as a Father. Yet 17,680,000 others think of Him as some kind of supernatural power that they are unable to describe.

Some 3,260,000 cannot put their picture into words. Fewer than one million do not believe in God.

Who is right and who is wrong? That is not a question to be decided by popular-opinion polls such as THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey. Even

theologians cannot give us a wholly comprehensive answer. For the greatness of God is beyond human understanding. As St. Paul has said, "We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then [we shall see God] face to face."

### *Oure Fadir in Inglis*

**J**IT is interesting to note how our modern English has changed from the style of the first translation of the Bible. Below is the "Our Father" as it was written in 1380.

Oure Fadir that art in Hevens. Halowid be thi name. Thi kyngdom come to. Be thi wille don in erthe, as in Hevene. Gyve to us this dai oure breed over othir substance. And forgyve to us oure dettis as we forgyven oure dettouris. And lede us not into temptacioun. But delyvere us from yvel. Amen.

James H. Bishop.



### *To a T*

**A**NCIENT Hebrew scribes did much of their writing with little brushes. Numerous letters were distinguished from one another only by the arrangement of minute brush marks. Because of their shape, these marks were commonly known as "horns." It became proverbial that a careful scribe copied material exactly; that is, "to a horn."

Consequently it was not strange that a reference to these little marks should be included in the New Testament (Matt. 5:18). When Wyclif issued his famous English translation of the Bible, he referred to the "horn" as a *titil*. This word was later spelled "tittle," and "to a tittle" became a proverbial expression for scrupulous care. Abbreviated in common use, the ancient phrase still lives; a person who is pleased is likely to remark that he is suited *to a T*.

Webb B. Garrison.

# God and Courage

*A little faith imparted  
through a childhood song brought  
me through a dark moment*

By GEORGE GARTLAN

Director Emeritus, Music Dept., N.Y. City  
Board of Education



**T**HE GRUFF VOICE sounded weirdly disembodied in the subway's surrounding roar. "Tell me, do the youngsters still sing *The Children's Crusade*?" Startled, I turned to my right and met the sharp blue eyes of a tall, heavily built stranger. I wondered how he knew me and my work as head of music in New York's public schools.

"Yes," I said, in a puzzled voice.

"Well, never give it up," he said. "I've been reading about how little religion the children are getting today in our public schools. We didn't really get much even in my day, but I know from experience that what we did get, in things like *The Children's Crusade*, was worth everything else. That song saved my life!"

He then explained. Some years before the 1st World War, he had been one of the 300 elementary school children chosen for the chorus. That was when the late Walter Damrosch conducted Gabriel Pierné's *The Children's Crusade*.

He asked me if I recalled the second movement of the oratorio, where the chorus sang, "Children three are we who were going on our way. And as we went, lo! We met with our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ." The passage has always been one of my favorites, as is the whole oratorio, which follows the tragic history of the crusade of the children in the 13th century. The music, based on Gregorian chant and French folk song, is incredibly beautiful.

"That music pulled me through the toughest five minutes I ever spent," the stranger said. As he spoke his strong face took on an almost child-like solemnity.

"I joined the Air Force right after the U.S. entered the war in 1917. Like a lot of others, I thought it was the quickest way to get into action. But we sat around for months waiting for things to get organized, then spent more months training in Canada and at Kelly Field in Texas.

"When we had just about given up all hope, we were ordered over-

seas. We landed in France at night and moved immediately to an airfield less than 20 miles from the front lines. We spent ten weeks there, drinking cognac and coffee, tearing our hair out waiting for planes. After we got the planes, we waited again for orders.

"Then one night an officer shook me out of bed and told me the colonel wished to see me. It was about 3 A.M.

"The old man shuffled through a pile of papers on his desk, and handed me one. 'You're lucky, lieutenant,' he said. 'You're getting the first crack. Be prepared to take off at dawn. Read those instructions carefully. Then destroy them. Good luck.'

"I thanked him, and stumbled out into the darkness. Now I was supposed to start jumping up and down, howling from sheer joy. But I didn't feel that way at all. My heart was hammering itself to pieces. My legs were icy rubber.

"I forced myself to walk out to the line and watch the mechanics checking over my plane. But I felt even worse out there. I tried everything. I laughed at myself. I reasoned, berated, sneered, condemned. It was no use. In the shape I was in, I couldn't get the plane off the

ground. I had to face it: I was yellow.

"My whole life flashed before me, in a crazy jumble of images. I reached frantically for something, anything.

"Then, as though the sound came out of the night, the music of *The Children's Crusade* started running through my head. I started to hum it, and to repeat the words: 'We were going on our way. And as we went, lo! We met with our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ!'

"I could feel warmth and confidence surge through me. It was amazing. My whole body changed. I pulled out my pencil flashlight and read those orders as calmly as a commuter reads a newspaper. I flew that mission, and a lot of others, with those words on my lips."

He smiled, and leaning over, patted my shoulder as he stood up. The train was rolling into a station.

"That's why I hope you keep on giving every kid a chance to participate in something like *The Children's Crusade*, something that has God in it. It stands by you when you need it most."

Before I could ask his name, he had said good-by and was lost in the great crowd at Times Square.

**W**HEN Thomas Edison's private desk was opened after his death, a card bearing this admonition was found: "When down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out all right!"

*Ink Pot Farmer* (20 Nov. '52).

*All you need is a 19-power telescope  
to engage in a useful and  
fascinating hobby, watching*

## *Wings Across the Moon*

By ROBERT J. NEWMAN

Condensed from *Audubon Magazine*\*

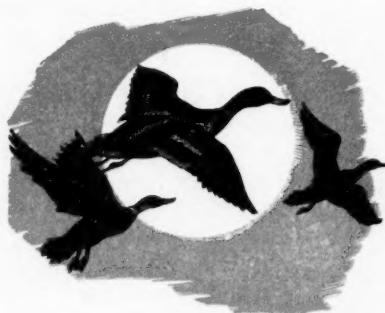
**B**IRD! Eleven-thirty to five!  
Definition: beautiful!  
About two T."

A flashlight winked on. Another voice inquired, "Remarks?"

"Well, pretty fast, I'd say, but straight as an arrow."

Since 1946, this bewildering bit of dialogue, with minor variations, has been heard on college campuses; aboard a destroyer cruising the Gulf of Mexico; beneath the domes of astronomical observatories; at the fringe of tropical jungles; on the remote sandspits of the Dry Tortugas, and in big-city backyards. But, varied as these settings have been, they have all had one thing in common. They have all taken place under a bright moon.

Six years ago, George H. Lowery, Jr., curator of the Louisiana State university's Museum of Zoology, was studying the flights of birds. He wished to measure migration intensities at different times, places, and directions. His work had to be done at night, when most Gulf flights occur.



You might think that radar would be practical. But radar is not sensitive enough to single out small-bird flights.

Lowery remembered that several papers, around the turn of the century, described the flight of migrating birds as seen through a telescope against the moon. Could such silhouettes give him the information he was seeking? Lowery took the question to his friend, Prof. W. A. Rense of the Department of Physics and Astronomy at Louisiana State. Rense's answer was not a simple, unqualified Yes; it was complicated with sines, cosines, and other mathematical procedure.

\*1000 5th Ave., New York City 23. July-August, 1952. Copyright 1952 by the National Audubon Society, and reprinted with permission.

The space in which one sees birds through a telescope pointed at the moon is constantly changing in size because of the moon's movement. Rense devised equations to make adjustments for such changes. The equations permitted Lowery to use counts made with the telescope as samples. From the samples he could determine the probable number of birds per hour crossing over a one-mile line on the earth's surface.

To carry out computations, it is necessary to know the slant of each observed bird's pathway across the face of the moon. This information can be recorded by imagining that the moon is an upright 12-hour clock. Mark off the rim according to the hours and half-hours. Then the point on the rim where the bird appears and the point where it disappears can each be identified in terms of these hours. This also establishes its flight line.

All this explanation is the key to the strange conversations. "Bird!" is the call that the observer at a telescope uses to alert the recorder sitting beside him. "Eleven-thirty to five" is the description of a bird's path as it glides across the bright background of the moon. Along with this "clock reading" goes information regarding speed of the bird, curvature of its path, and clarity of its focus.

"Two *T*" is a device to indicate size of the bird's silhouette. Long ago the features of the moon re-

ceived fanciful names, like the Lake of Death, the Hurricane ocean, the Sea of Showers. One of the most prominent of these features is the crater Tycho, which stands out on the moon's surface. Moon watchers refer to its diameter as *T* and use it to measure the bird's apparent length. Two *T*, for example, indicates a bird whose image is twice as long as the diameter of Tycho.

Lowery once watched 86 birds flash across the moon in a single hour. The moon was high over the water and he looked through a mere sliver of the night sky; the birds he counted were the equivalent of 11,900 birds crossing over one mile of the shore line. That was in 1948. By that time it had become apparent that flight studies by means of the moon permitted us to peer into the heart of the age-old mysteries of mass migration.

Never before have we been able to measure definitely the volume of migration, even in daylight. Five thousand birds flitting about in a field may be part of a heavy migration or no migration at all.

Since Lowery's experiments, telescopes all over the continent have been lifted toward the moon. Last migration season, more than 200 people pooled their efforts to pile up more than 1,000 hours of observation.

From the resulting accumulation of data many surprising things were discovered. It has been generally supposed, for instance, that

the peninsula of Florida was the major avenue of migration flights. However, almost as many birds were seen on the east coast of Mexico in a single hour as were seen over the Florida station during 11 nights of observation. Lunar studies have also indicated that, unlike birds flying by day, nocturnal migrants only rarely fly in definite flocks.

Ornithologists used to believe that birds traveled all night. The moon has revealed the facts to be otherwise. After sunset the majority of migrants seem to rest a while. Then, hour by hour, they mount in increasing numbers into the dark sky. This process typically reaches a peak between 11 p.m. and midnight. Thereafter the birds begin to drop to earth again until by the hour before dawn almost none are flying.

It appears now that birds get up in the middle of the night just for the sake of making three or four hours' progress toward their destinations. This restlessness is displayed in spring by wild European birds confined in cages with electrically wired perches that register their movements from one part of the cage to the other.

Answers to a host of other questions are still needed. Does the

moonlight itself affect the volume of migration? Do migrants funneled onto peninsulas double back? Do they advance in a wide movement with a nearly even distribution of numbers along a broad front or do they travel in narrow streams?

Until recently, the time needed to process that much data was a terrific obstacle. For every hour that a moon observer spent behind the telescope in the spring of 1948, Lowery and his staff had to spend two man-hours working with slide rules just to get the material ready for final analysis. Now, however, graphs and tables have been prepared that make it possible to handle unlimited observations.

Anyone can watch birds—amateurs, professional ornithologists, or even people who know nothing of birds or bird study. Almost any telescope of 19-power or more that will encompass the whole moon in its field can be used to study night migration. Call your local Audubon society, bird club, observatory, or university zoology department for information. Or write to the Museum of Zoology, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La. Maybe your discoveries will satisfy one of the still unanswered questions.



**A** ring on the finger is worth two on the phone.

Atlanta Journal (13 Aug. '52)



## A Man's Stature

By HENRY VISCARDI, JR.  
Condensed from the book\*

I WAS BORN without legs. What I had instead were two short thighs ending in small stumps. My right limb had a kneecap, imperfect but enough to allow for motion.

I came as a great shock to my family. My parents were both normal and they had already had one perfectly normal baby girl. Yet my case is not unique. What happened to me happens all the time to a certain number of babies, in a cold statistical ratio. Nobody but God knows why.

Right after I was born, my moth-

er dedicated me to St. Anthony. She began a novena to him that someday her son would have legs and be able to walk. She made a promise which she has faithfully kept. She has taken flowers every year to the church on St. Anthony's feast. It was the best deal mamma ever made. St. Anthony kept his part of the bargain, too. But it took 25 years.

Before I was two I was put in the hospital for a series of painful operations to even off my irregular stumps. This had to be done before I could learn to walk. Then I was

\*A Man's Stature. Copyright, 1952, by Henry Viscardi, Jr. Reprinted with permission of the John Day Company, New York City. 240 pp. \$3.

fitted with some ugly, conspicuous-looking boots. The expense could never have been met by an Italian immigrant family like mine. My father owned his own barbershop, but he never made enough to more than make a living for mamma and us children. One of his customers paid most of my hospital bills.

Every Sunday my family came to visit me. But mamma was often busy with the other children; I didn't see much of her. I never really got to know her until after I was six.

Except for the pain, I actually enjoyed the hospital. I would pretend that the foot of my bed was a fireman's ladder. I could shinny up and down it. One day I fell, overcome by smoke, probably. My head was bleeding, but my howls brought the rescue squad with bandages and adhesive tape. I still have the scar. I felt sorry for some of the other children who had their legs in casts or fastened to pulleys.

I had gradually gotten to know mamma as a nice lady who came to see me once in awhile. But I was not ready for the day she came to take me home.

We went home on the streetcar. It was open on the sides and had high seats. Mamma had to lift me up. I sat with my odd-looking boots straight out in front of me, but they didn't reach the end of the seat. A woman in an orange coat nudged the woman next to

her and pointed at me. Everybody on the car was looking. I held mamma's hand tight. She put her arm around me and I hid my face in her coat. I wanted to run away from all these people.

When we got off, mamma held my hand so high my feet hardly touched the ground. We had to walk a long way. Then we had to climb many stairs to our apartment. My legs hurt terribly. My mother picked me up and carried me up the rest of the stairs. When she put me down she was breathing hard. Her cheeks were rosy. I decided she was beautiful. I sat in a chair in the living room.

PRETTY SOON mamma came back with two girls in red dresses. "These are your sisters. This is Terry. This is Lillian." Mother smiled at them and me.

Terry and Lillian stood in front of the chair and looked at me. "Hello," they said shyly.

Father came in, and mamma looked frightened. "What's this? What are you doing here?" he said. Mamma spoke as if she were trying hard to be happy. "Henry's home from the hospital. The doctor signed the paper. I can take care of him now."

My eyes filled with tears. I wanted to say, "I've had a good time visiting you. Now I have to go back to the hospital." But I couldn't say a thing.

The children of our block, even

those of my age, towered above me. When I smiled at them, they stared back. Some even laughed at me. I was hurt and puzzled. When I entered 1st grade I really understood. Terry took me to school the first day. Clutching her hand, I hoisted myself up the stairs to the playground. There were many children there, bouncing balls and playing hopscotch. I shrank away. Terry patted my arm.

"What's the matter, Henry? You will be all right. Soon as you get used to it."

Then I heard a loud laugh. "Hey, Louie, looka the ape man." Three big boys came over to me.

"I'll show you where your room is." Terry jerked my hand. Her cheeks were red. The crowd of jeering boys grew. One of them, thin-faced and dirty, gave me a shove. I shoved back.

"Oh, you want to fight, kid?"

"Cut it out, Mike," somebody yelled.

"You leave my brother alone!" Terry was crying by now.

"Hey, ape man, what you got tied to your feet? Boxing gloves?"

I looked down at my mismatching boots. They weren't a bit like the shoes the other boys wore.

"I want to go home!" I clung to Terry. Tears were rolling down my cheeks.

"Sissy, sissy."

Another big boy shoved me. I sprawled on the cement. My nose was bleeding. Terry gave me her

handkerchief. "Here, blow your nose. I'll take you to your teacher." I saw tears in her eyes. Then the bell rang, and the ordeal was over, for the moment.

The teachers took a hand, and the schoolyard hazing let up after that first day. Outside of our block, however, the jungle and the giants waited. I never ventured out without escort.

My boots had to be handmade. They were very expensive. They had to be planned for, saved for, measured for, then painfully adjusted. I had to nurse them along through as long a life as possible. One day as we were coming from the shoemaker's, I stopped to talk to a little boy who was playing with a dog. I was just learning the dog's name when a woman came out of a store. She carried a lot of bundles.

"Come here, Pat," she called. "Help me with this stuff. Say, who's that little crippled boy?"

Mamma took my hand, hard, and we almost flew through the streets. She kept moving her lips as if she was whispering to herself.

Why was I crippled? Maybe if I asked mamma she could tell me. She knew almost everything. One day when she was reading me *The Bobbsey Twins*, I blurted out, "Mamma, why are my legs different from other boys?"

Mamma looked sad for a minute. "You were born that way," she said. "A lot of babies are born

every year, and a certain number of them have to be crippled. When you were born it must have been time for God to send another crippled child into the world. So He looked around and decided that the Viscardis would be a good family to have a little crippled boy." Mamma's eyes looked shiny.

"Does God know how hard it is for me to walk? And to go up the stairs?"

"Yes, I'm sure He does. But He wants you to be brave and have faith. That's why I say prayers to St. Anthony. So that maybe some day it won't be so hard for you to walk."

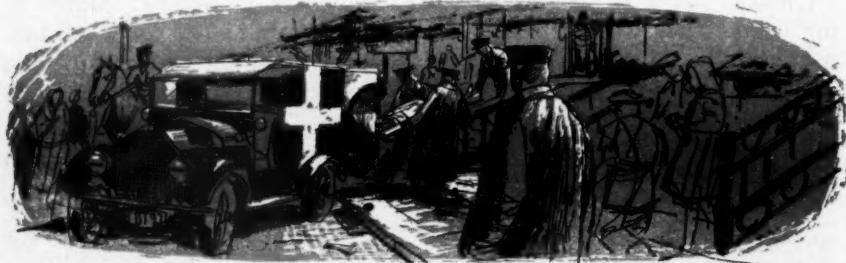
For a child in our neighborhood, the only playground was the street. That was where the fire engines clang past and where the ice wagon stood on hot days. You could steal ice while the man was making a delivery. Once in a while the police patrol would come around the corner on two wheels on the way to a holdup. Neighborhood loyalties were sealed, and important athletic contests took place in the street.

One day I saw some kids playing marbles there. One of them made a very tricky shot. "You're good," I said.

"Say, kid, would you like to try?" he asked. He set up three marbles on the manhole cover and handed me a shooter. I hit them. "Nice shot for a beginner!" he exclaimed. If he'd given me a big chocolate soda, I couldn't have been any happier. Even in later years, I could think with pride of that little achievement.

We became great friends. The kid's name was Buster. His father often came home drunk, and his mother was away most of the time. Nobody else liked to play with him because he smelled funny.

Mamma always said, "It's too bad nobody looks after that boy." But he was a great ballplayer. We often played catch. One day I threw a ball that went out in the street. Buster ran to get it just as a car came along, fast. The driver jammed on his brakes and just missed Buster. He cursed at Buster a long time. But Buster just threw him a smarty smile.



Another time Buster wasn't so lucky. A big carrousel used to stop right in front of his house. If you had a penny you could ride it. When the man got enough money he'd say "Giddap" to his horses, and the carrousel would move down the street. Buster would catch on the side and get a free ride down the block.

One day he didn't quite make it. He fell into the street. I saw it all happen. I didn't want to look, but I couldn't turn away. The iron wheels rolled right over his legs.

Buster screamed so loud that mamma opened a window and asked if we were all right. The kids across the street shouted at the man to stop. Mamma came running. I felt sick at the noises Buster was making. After a while the police ambulance came and took Buster away. The carrousel stayed there a long time, but nobody rode it.

Nobody played in the street the next day. Nor the next. The woman in the candy store told mamma that Buster's legs were crushed and would have to be cut off. I was terribly sorry that Buster would have to be a crippled boy like me. But Buster didn't become crippled. A week later we heard he had "blood poisoning." He died.

SOME weeks later mamma asked me, "How would you like to move to the country? To Long Island?"

"When? Can we go right away?"  
"Very soon. We have bought a

house. A whole house, for just our family! Of course, your grandmother and your uncles and aunts have helped pay for the house. They will live upstairs and we will be downstairs."

"Can I have a dog? Will there be a boat?" I could hardly wait.

The woods on Long Island were cool and shady. They came up almost to our back porch. I could go exploring. I could be Jim Hawkins of *Treasure Island*, or Sir Lancelot on the way to meet Queen Guinevere. I loved the country. My new school did not have a spiked iron fence around it. The principal was kind. But she was too protective, and I resented this.

That year I got a wagon. It had belonged to my cousins upstairs, but it was too small for them. It was just the right size for me. I would put my right "leg," the one I could bend, in the wagon, and push with the other one. It was much better than walking.

A new doctor had opened offices in a white house just a little way from ours. One day mother took our new baby, Vicky, to see him. I went along. The new doctor was a big man who looked like a football player. He had dark hair, and his eyes twinkled.

"I'm Dr. Yanover," he said to me, while mamma and Vicky were in his inner office. "I understand your name is Henry."

I stood up. "I hope my sister is going to be all right."

"Don't worry about her. We're going to make her well." He looked at me sharply. "How are you?"

"Fine."

"That's some wagon you've got. Easy to get around in?"

"Sure. I go everywhere."

"Do your legs get tired when you walk a lot? Do they pain you?"

"Well—yes."

I did not usually talk to strangers this way. But I liked Dr. Yanover the minute I saw him. There are too few people with Dr. Yanover's attitude, even though we've been through two world wars that made lots of people crippled. He didn't try to ignore my disability. Nor did he give me pity. He accepted it as a fact and me as a person.

About this time I discovered that I was a natural swimmer. Buoyancy was one compensation for my underdeveloped legs. I would swim at the YMCA, wearing a pair of boys' sneakers to hide my stumps. I tried to choose a time when the pool was nearly empty. I started hanging around the gym and locker room when I went on to Newton High.

I became a good shot at basketball, but because I was less than four feet high I couldn't play in competition. Yet the boys accepted me, and I had a good time. I even took on the coaching of a neighborhood team. Later on, I was made manager of our high-school basketball team. When I sat on the bench

beside the coach, clocking the game and keeping statistics, I felt important.

One day I got a call from the *New York Times*. "This is Gebhart on the sports desk," a voice said. "We need a man at your school to phone in the story of the basketball games. We'll pay a line rate for what we use. You interested?"

Was I! "Mamma, I've got a job." That was how, ironically enough, I got my first job—as a "leg man." I don't remember what the pay was, but the money was nothing to the satisfaction of doing something useful. Our team won the New York City championship the year I was a senior. This gave me as manager a major letter from the school for "excellence in athletics."

**AROUND** Christmas time, I sat in the dining room looking over college catalogs I'd borrowed from a friend. I would graduate in February. Maybe I could work until fall. Maybe I could also get a job at college to pay board and room. I could—Oh, what's the use? I thought. I can't afford it. I felt a hand on my shoulder and I looked up.

"You want to go to college," mamma said, "you go."

"It would cost too much."

"You go," mamma said. "We'll manage somehow."

I gave her a great big hug. Mamma was crying.



Fordham university. All new. All exciting. All to be explored. A high fence kept out the rush of traffic and the life of a great city. Inside was a world of philosophy and religion, where men devoted their lives to teaching and prayer. There, young men were united in a fellowship of learning. I stared up at the Gothic towers, the tall elms, the blue sky.

It all seemed strange meeting the quiet Jesuits as they walked the campus, their belted cassocks swaying stiffly, or to see them on their shady porch, reading their breviaries. I got a job in the treasurer's office.

Getting into Fordham meant a physical examination, and during the summer I had gone to Dr. Yanover's office. He gave me a complete checkup. He examined my stumps and asked all sorts of questions.

"Going to college, eh? You're in good shape for a guy of 19. I can't

find a thing wrong with you. Except . . . you've been running those legs of yours pretty hard, haven't you?"

I agreed.

"Treat them carefully. You're going to need them a while yet. You're taller, Hank."

"Not much." I tried not to sound bitter.

"That measuring stick in the examination room says so." He paused. "How would you like to be as tall as everybody else?"

I laughed. "You're just like mamma, Doc. She took some flowers to church on St. Anthony's day last week. She says he's going to see that I get real legs someday. She's been making a novena since I was born."

"Maybe she's right." Doc gave me his quick grin. "Keep in touch with me while you're away at school. And tell mamma to keep up the pressure on St. Anthony."

My roommate was a tawny giant named Stanley Maximowicz. He was a brilliant football player. Early in the year he established a wide circle of girl friends that he liked to date after "lights out." On week nights we had to be in our rooms at 7:30 for study period. After 10:30 we were supposed to be in bed. A priest checked our rooms to make sure.

One night Stan put a dummy made of pillows and football jerseys in his bed. He had just dressed in his "dating" clothes when there

was a rattle at the door. Stan jumped into bed. I tried to hold the door, but it moved anyway, moving me with it. The light clicked on. The prefect stood in the doorway. "Mr. Maximowicz, you look very peculiar indeed!" Stan was sitting up in bed, trying to pull the covers around him. He wore a top coat and derby hat.

One of my pleasantest memories of Fordham is of our assemblies in the courtyard during May. Every day just before lunch the entire student body would gather around the statue of the Blessed Virgin. A vigil light burned before her statue, and a student would stand up and deliver a short sermon. Then we all sang: "*Regina coeli laetare, Al-le-luia! Al-le-luia! Regina coeli. . .*" It was warm and wonderful. For the first time in my life I felt awe and reverence for my religion.

At home we lived so far from the parish that I never went to church except on Sunday. At Fordham we could hear Mass any morning. I asked Father Quinn if I might serve Mass. He not only consented, but he arranged to have a cassock cut down to my size. The Mass book seemed terribly heavy as I hoisted it up and down the steps. But this was good preparation. Years later, during the 2nd World War, I was able to help a wounded Catholic chaplain learn to use an artificial leg in walking and saying Mass.

About this time I decided I wanted to be a priest. I had made friends with a young scholastic. He was properly referred to as Mr. John Folser, S.J., but we all called him "Dutch." He was doing his required period of teaching before being ordained. I confided my vocation to him.

"A worthy desire," he said. "Are you sure that's what you want to do?"

"Of course, but. . ." In his serious expression I saw the answer to my question. "They wouldn't take me, would they?"

"Some of the regulations of the Church may seem harsh, Hank. But there's always a reason. A priest's duties may take him anywhere. So he has to pass a rigid physical examination."

"Maybe I'll be a teacher." But there was no real ring to the words. I only knew that I wanted to stay on in this quiet place, and study and meditate. I was rather discouraged now, and left Fordham at the end of the spring term.

THIS was 1933. I couldn't have picked a worse time to quit school and look for a job. Every day I'd brave the stares of people in the subway and go downtown to the employment agencies. There were dozens of able-bodied men for each job.

There were rows of desks with signs on them. MALE—FEMALE, \$10, \$15, \$25. I knew my level. I

got into the line leading to MALE  
—\$10.

You'd hear bits like "They say the government is hiring again . . . No, not NRA, a new agency." Or "Bill got a job with United. I'd rather starve. . . ."

My interview didn't take long. "I have a university ed—" My chin didn't come six inches above the desk top.

"Sorry, we've nothing for you." At least I wouldn't have to worry about reaching up to fill out the application form.

But I heard about a job through a friend. Toward the end of 1934 I went to work as a clerk in the law firm of Gellman & Gellman. Sam and Joe Gellman, the partners, had private offices. Pop Gellman, who was in the real-estate business, made room for me beside his desk in the reception room.

I liked the work. I spent all my spare time reading law books, everything from British common law to *Corpus Juris*. Now I wished to be a lawyer. I read all the stories about Eph Tutt in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The \$10-a-week salary I was getting was a big help at home. Papa was dead now. Terry was working as a beauty operator. Lil was married to her high-school sweetheart. Vicky and Rose were still in school.

I decided to go to law school. Maybe I could find an extra job to pay my tuition. I had to com-

mute every night by subway to St. John's university in Brooklyn. I tried to ride on the same car every night; that way some of the riders would be used to seeing me. I was still sensitive to rude stares and clumsy efforts to help me.

When the government started the Home Owners' Loan corporation, Gellman & Gellman got a lot of new business. I learned to examine titles and abstracts. One day Joe called me in and said, "Do you like this kind of work, Hank?"

"Fine."

"We've been told," he confided, "that it will be necessary to open a new office in the Empire State building. They want us nearer the regional HOLC office. Shall we go over?"

"Sounds good to me, Joe."

"I think we can pay you a better salary, too."

This really sounded good. Mamma and the girls would be proud. I was in a busy dream from then on. Office, night school, study. It was all worth while. I spent hours in the subway, but my new feeling of self-worth made me mind it less. I even learned how to get along with girls. Miss Trimble used to bring me cookies and knit me ear muffs. I lived in dread of her.

Jessie Barnes was different. She had dyed red hair, talked like a man, and could do a man's work. She was a government investigator, with an office down the hall. One day she came in, in her usual brisk

way, and said, "How would you like a new job, Hank?"

Then she told me she had a tip that the HOLC were going to hire a bunch of new tax clerks. They would pay \$1,500 a year. She said I was a natural for it, with my experience. But I would need a political endorsement. Joe advised me to apply. "It won't hurt, Hank, and you might get it. Run over and see Jerry Casey."

I reached Tammany clubhouse and was ushered into a cigar-butt-strewn cubbyhole at the back. A pair of large feet rested on the desk. They greeted me, sole on, as I entered the presence of Mr. Casey himself. He took a wet cigar out of his mouth.

"Whatta ya want?"

"Mr. Casey, I'm an associate of Joe Gellman's...." And I told him my story. I finished rather lamely, "Would you give me an endorsement? I'm sure I have the qualifications."

"Whatja ever do for me?"

"Not a thing. How could I? I've never seen you before."

"Well, sonny, I'm gonna return the favor." He spat into a cuspidor. "That's what I'm gonna do for you: *nothing!*"

Joe wasn't surprised. "That's politics, Hank. Why don't you start doing a few party jobs in your district? Telephone voters. Distribute literature. And send in your application anyway."

Strangely enough, I got the job.

Joe would not let me turn in the key to my office. "There'll always be a place for you here, Hank." Pop Gellman gave me a box of Eph Tutt stogies. For a minute I didn't want to leave.

MY LAVISH (for those days) salary of \$1,500 helped get mamma a washing machine and a few things for the house. The Viscardis were eating well for the first time in a couple of years. I even bought a car. It was an old 1929 Graham Paige. The dealer grafted expansions on the brake, clutch, and accelerator. He put in a hand starter switch. I was surprised when I passed all the tests for a driver's license. I would take mamma to the grocery store every Saturday afternoon.

One day, Dr. Yanover called me. "Hank, I'd like to have a talk with you. I'm worried about you. Your



stumps have been giving you a lot of pain lately, haven't they?" I couldn't say No.

After he had gone over them carefully, he said bluntly, "Your legs are burnt out." I wasn't surprised. They had carried greater weight than they should. They had climbed stairs. They had carried me to classes at St. John's and in and out of HOLC offices. "I don't believe you can walk around for six more months the way you are."

"What happens next, Doc?"

"Maybe it's time St. Anthony kept his part of the bargain. I think I can find a man who can make you some artificial legs. Meanwhile, I want you to stop work and take a rest."

We had to try several limb makers before we found one who could promise results. My stumps were more difficult to fit than if I had lost my legs. But George Dorsch, who had a little shop under the 3rd-Ave. El, thought he could fix me up. He was an exceptional craftsman, trained in Germany.

But when I first saw his gloomy limb shop, with its anatomical display in the window, I shuddered. Inside, one wall bore crutches, braces, and artificial limbs. It reminded me of a waxworks. I wouldn't have been surprised to see Adolf Hitler or Kaiser Wilhelm staring glassily at me.

George Dorsch clapped his hands like a ringmaster. "*Komm, Fritz, Joe, Hans—schnell, macht schnell!*" Three young men came running with drawing pads and calipers. They made measurements and drawings. They forced my stumps into plaster casts. "I think we can do it," Dorsch said. "We will make the limbs of aluminum. We will make you five foot eight."

I could not believe it. Was it a joke? Yet I hoped with all my might.

"Today we must decide about the feet. The feet must be made to fit the shoe, instead of the other way round. What size shoes would you prefer? If you had lost your legs, we would know the size you had worn, but . . . ."

Finally we went to a shoe store. The clerk was pleased to see customers on this rainy afternoon. "What size?"

"8½ C," Dorsch said without hesitation.

"But that's not your size."

"They're for him." The clerk's shocked expression betrayed him.

The day came when the legs were ready. Dorsch took me into his back room, away from his workmen, and helped me put on the soft woolen socks he had made especially to fit my stumps. While he worked, he told me about his early life in Germany. How as a boy he had been apprenticed to a limb maker. He talked about quality. Not only in the limb, but in the man who wore it.

He put on the artificial legs. They were beautifully made, and

fitted very comfortably. I put my arm around his shoulder. He guided me over to the other end of the room.

"Hold this bar for balance," he said. "Now—" He darted to the other end and swung a full length mirror around so that I caught my reflection head on. I looked at a tall stranger, but the stranger had my face. I wept, uncontrollably, but unashamed.

Now I had to learn to walk all over again. First I had to have crutches. Then I could manage with a cane. Finally I was able to throw the cane away, and for the first time in 25 years walk like anybody else. Through all the lessons, Dorsch was very kind and patient.

I wished that Dr. Yanover could have been beside me as I walked in the door at home. I had kept all this a secret from my family. "The trousers don't fit," I said, "but they were the best I could borrow."

It broke the silence like a fire-cracker in church. And I walked across the threshold into a new life. Mama's eyes were swimming. "It's a miracle. St. Anthony's miracle."

"Don't you think Dr. Yanover should get credit for an assist?"

"St. Anthony wouldn't mind," mamma smiled. "Tomorrow is Ash Wednesday. It will be more like a birthday for you."

Shortly after this I met Elaine. She was fresh from college and

thought of her job downtown as the start of a big career. But she still wore her hair like a school-girl.

"How do you spend your evenings," I asked her, "reading magazines that tell how a young business girl should dress?"

"You're teasing me."

"No, but it might be fun to. How about having dinner with me some night?"

It was fun. We went to a French restaurant in the 60's. Elaine hung on my words and deferred to me in everything. It was very flattering. Soon I was telling her the story of my life. Elaine's eyes were brimming when I finished. She excused herself and fled in the direction of the ladies' room. When she came back, there were suspicious streaks of powder on her face and her eyes were rimmed with red.

"Don't get up, please," she said.  
"I didn't mean to make you cry."

Outside, she tucked her small hand through my arm. I took her hand and held it as we walked home under the El in the warm evening. It was not long before we got engaged.

One Sunday we were listening to the radio when the music suddenly stopped. "We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special news bulletin. The Japanese air force has just attacked Pearl Harbor." At first we thought it might be some kind of gag, and twirled the dial. But other stations

brought word of battleships sunk, submarine attacks, destroyers melted to scrap. "And heavy casualties." Elaine was pale, but I clenched my hands in anger.

I tried to get into the army, the navy, the marines, the coast guard. Everywhere the answer was the same. None of the services wanted a cripple. I got tired of the stupid stories about the man with the wooden leg who was sent five times to an induction center by his draft board. One army doctor listened patiently to my story. "Have you tried the Red Cross?" he asked.

I went to the Red Cross. I told them I wanted to help amputees learn to use new legs. The interviewer shook his head. "You'd have to be a trained physical therapist to do work like that. We might use you in our field service. You'd be attached to a military unit on active duty."

It wasn't what I really wanted. But I was delighted to get into uniform, to have the assimilated rank and pay of an army captain, and to be a part of things. I was sent to Fort Dix for basic training and outfitting. Most of the men had a tough time getting fitted with army boots. When my turn came, the leathery old sergeant took hold of my ankle. His hand froze there. "At last! The GI's answer to the meat grinder," he yelled. "Even these things can't blister you!"

Tom Slater was a public-rela-



tions officer at the post. He asked me to appear on the radio show *This Is Fort Dix*. I told him I was expecting overseas orders any time. For some reason I found myself telling him everything. How I didn't want to see Paris or Vienna or Berlin. I just wanted to help amputees learn to live again. He talked to Colonel Trumbull, who commanded the station hospital.

The colonel sent for me. "Yes, I could use you right here. We've got plenty of home-front casualties —amputations even. But they'll need you a lot worse at Walter Reed. I'll write General Marietta about you." Both the army and the Red Cross could move fast when a colonel was interested.

I was taken off overseas shipment and went to Walter Reed. "I can certainly use you," General Marietta said. "I've got hundreds of amputees, and thousands more

coming. It would be an inspiration to them just to have a man like you around, even if you didn't do a thing."

This was where 16 Hank Viscardis belonged. Yet I was soon on the carpet for not writing case histories and sending in reports. Tom Blandford, in my office, gave me a friendly warning. But I didn't take it.

"Look, Tom, if I stop to write case histories, who's going to do my work? I can't even begin to see all the men I can help. You know how late I stay every night." And what good were case histories anyway? How could they tell the story of a guy like Major Cummings?

He had lost a leg in a jeep accident in Hawaii. He came to Walter Reed in a state near hysteria. He resented the army and everybody who tried to help him. He didn't wish to see his wife or kids. He shut himself in a room with a revolver and threatened to kill the first man who came in. I went in.

"I ought to blow your brains out," a voice from the bed greeted me.

"I'm an amputee," I said. "Don't aim too low. These things are expensive to keep in repair."

"You're not funny." There was a long pause. "Which leg?" he finally asked.

"Both. Mind if I sit down?"

"All right, but lock the door be-

hind you." We talked for a long time. He was worried about how the loss of his leg would affect his insurance business. Most of all he wondered how his wife and 12-year-old daughter would like having a one-legged man limp home.

"If they really love you, it won't matter." I showed him Elaine's picture. "This is the girl who loves me." We talked a lot more. It was nearly daylight when I came out, but the major was sleeping like a baby.

My office was getting stacked with unopened mail and unanswered telephone messages. I was soon in serious trouble with Red Cross officials. It did no good to explain that I had more important work. I was so busy that even Elaine's letters went unopened for days.

I was in trouble with the army, too. It made me mad to see the kind of matchsticks they were handing out to men who had given their legs in the service of their country. The "GI limbs" of those days were no good. They were mass produced, unskillfully made, and badly fitted. They weren't anything like the ones Dorsch had made for me. How could I be expected to teach men shattered by their injuries to walk with pride again on things that sometimes broke under them?

The army was passing the buck to the Veterans Administration by issuing "temporary" limbs which

they said would be replaced with proper ones after the soldier got his discharge. That sounded fine, but in the meantime, the soldiers became completely discouraged. Most of them were ashamed to go home, and hung around the hospital, playing cards and shooting dice. All that most of them looked forward to was to loaf around on a VA pension the rest of their lives.

I raised such a row about it that, after warning me several times, the Red Cross finally fired me. I wouldn't leave. I hung around Walter Reed, sleeping in a different bed every night and cadging meals at the officers' mess. But my pay stopped and I was getting pretty broke.

Elaine came down to attend a dance. I was shocked to see that she was revolted when I showed her around the wards. At the dance she tried to appear natural, but I could see her staring in a funny way at the antics of men who weren't used to their artificial legs yet. Later I heard her sobbing.

"What's the matter?"

"Seeing those poor men up in the ward. And then those who were trying to dance! How can they stand to live like that?"

"You're talking to one of them." My voice was cool.

"Well, you, you're different." But she spoke without conviction.

I still showed her picture to the men. But though we had pleasant dates every time I went home to

visit, the enchantment was broken.

One day I ran into Father Antonine, a Catholic chaplain I had come to know. He had always understood what I was trying to do. "I'm licked, Father," I said.

"Easy, boy. These things come slowly. Remember, whatever you sacrifice goes to help make another life stronger."

Father Antonine asked me to spend a night at a Franciscan monastery near by. I had trouble convincing a rather aged friar that I was not Father Viscardi. He had mistaken my Red Cross lapel emblems for a chaplain's insignia. The simple food passed down the long table in bowls, the silent men at the refectory table, the reading of prayers during the meal took me a thousand miles from Washington, the war, and my troubles.

But I was to get still another blow. A long letter came from Elaine, saying that she had been thinking things over very carefully, and that she just couldn't bear to marry a man without legs. She said it "wouldn't be fair to either of us," and all that sort of thing. I was pretty low for a long time after that.

I HAD become convinced that the real rehabilitation of these amputees had to be done in the local communities. I had seen plenty of letters from men I'd been able to help. They had gone off full of courage and confidence. But as

soon as they got back home they found that nobody cared to give them a job.

I didn't go back to HOLC, nor to the law office. I started working in factories, at all kinds of jobs. The men at the top would know of my handicap, but the foremen and the men around me didn't. I wanted to prove that there were lots of jobs that handicapped people could handle as well or better than anyone else—not only amputees, but the blind, the deaf, and even people who were partially paralyzed. I knew that these people had a deep psychological need to feel useful.

My first job was in a tool crib, where I distributed parts, tools, bits, and jigs. Later I worked in a foundry making molds. Having to work close to the floor made that job difficult because of my un-kneeling limbs. But there were other jobs I could do as well as anybody, cleaning castings, polishing, spray painting. One day my foreman said, "I notice you limping. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing serious."

After three weeks at that plant, the personnel director called a meeting of department heads and foremen. "Hank, here, has been making a special study to see what jobs might be handled by disabled veterans. What would be your reaction to an amputee working in your department?"

Several of them shook their

heads. "Couldn't possibly work."

"Remember my asking a couple of weeks ago if Hank's work was satisfactory? All of you said he worked out fine. It may surprise you to know that Hank has two artificial legs!"

"I never would have known," one of them said.

I found a lack of planning in most industries. With wartime production schedules to meet, most personnel men thought more about a handicapped person's *disabilities* than about his *abilities*. I tried to show them that deaf people, for instance, were happier running a riveter than normal people; that the blind, because of their sensitive touch, were actually more useful at certain precision jobs than persons who could see. It was an uphill fight, but I was making progress. I was happier than I'd been in a long time.

And I met Lucile. This was the end of 1945. She was a map maker in the promotion department of Mutual Broadcasting, where my friend Tom Slater worked. She had come out with Tom and a party of other men and girls for a sail and dinner on a boat I'd bought, the *Eph Tutt*.

She came up to me and said pertly, "We're out of water, skipper."

"There was a lot in the tanks. Did you let it run long?"

"Sure, how else can you wash dishes?"

"You city girls," I said. "Too much apartment living. Out here we store water. It's valuable. We can't get any now until the water boat comes by tomorrow. No Sunday deliveries."

I could see she wasn't impressed by my lecture. And I noticed that she was pretty. I wanted to see her a lot more. I took her to a Columbia football game. I taught her to sail the *Eph Tutt*.

One day we were coming back across the Sound. She smiled at me from her place at the tiller. "How'm I doing?"

"Mighty fine for a saucy female. And I love you." That night I asked her to marry me. But she wouldn't say Yes right away.

"Is, is it because of my legs?"

"Of course not, Hank. That part doesn't make a bit of difference. But we ought to be sure first."

She was knitting a pair of Argyll socks for her cousin Maurice. "Feel this wool, Hank. Do you think it's soft enough?"

"They're fine. Maurice is a lucky guy," I teased her.

By the time the socks were finished, it was spring. Lucile presented them, not to Maurice, but to me, as a birthday present. They had never been intended for him.

"Don't you think it's too bad to waste all this soft, warm wool on a pair of willow feet?"

Lucile's sudden startled look was my reward. And she said she would marry me.

We were married quietly on Nov. 16, 1946, by Father Antonine in Lucile's parish church. I was worried about not being able to kneel, but Father Antonine told me God wouldn't mind.

I HAD been speaking before businessmen's luncheon groups about the need for using handicapped veterans in industry. My topic was "Human Engineering." One of the vice-presidents of Burlington Mills heard me.

Now Burlington wanted me as personnel director. The salary was very attractive. Would I accept? I sure would! Thus I found myself with a fancy office, a pretty secretary, and an income in five figures. Best of all I would have a chance to prove what I believed about the usefulness of crippled people in industry.

One day in July, I was having a conference of engineers in my office when Lucile called me on the phone. "I'm in a telephone booth at Bloomindale's," she said rather breathlessly. "I think the baby is coming."

"Are you sure? It isn't time yet." "Nevertheless. . . ."

I had my secretary phone Parsons hospital for an ambulance, and grabbed a cab. When I got there I found everything under control. The store had a completely equipped infirmary. The manager even tried to persuade us to let Lucile have the baby there as a pub-

licity stunt. The store would provide a complete layette! We went to the hospital. Our little Nina was born almost immediately after we got there.

Now I had more than I'd ever dreamed of having. A wonderful wife, a beautiful baby, a good job.

One day I got a call from Dr. Howard Rusk. He had been an air-force colonel during the war, and had tried to help me in my efforts to make the Red Cross and the army understand the problems of amputee veterans. He had been working ever since he got out of service along the same lines I had. He was now an associate editor of the *New York Times*. He asked me to come over and see him.

When I got there he introduced me to a bunch of young businessmen, Bob Samstag of Stranahan Foil, Ray Ripple of IBM, Jess Stearn of the *News*, and others. They were setting up an organization they called JOB, (Just One Break). They had got Bernard Baruch to be chairman of the national committee. They wanted to set up chapters in every sizable community in the country to persuade industry to employ handicapped persons.

I was enthusiastic. This seemed exactly the right way to go about it. Then they dropped their bombshell. They wanted me to be executive director. They had nothing to start with but their faith in the idea. Not even a typewriter.

Why should I go back to being a cripple, I asked myself? In the security of my air-conditioned office, I was a successful young executive. If I took the job, I'd be "that cripple who heads an organization to help disabled people." Wasn't it really asking too much of me and my family?

Lucile's reaction was quick. "I say, let's do it. You really want to, don't you?"

"Well, let's think it over." It was a challenge, I knew. Challenge is fine, but could we eat it? Then one day Al Miller dropped in to see me in my office. I hadn't laid eyes on him since he was a patient at Walter Reed. We chatted awhile. I asked him to stick around and have lunch with me.

"Can't today, Hank. I'm due at the VA leg factory." He glanced suspiciously around my office, taking in the thick carpet, the flowers, the furniture.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"Dunno, just doesn't seem like you."

As I walked out with him past the pictorial receptionist, I didn't try to hide my limp. It didn't seem important any more. I called up Dr. Rusk.

"I'll take that job," was all I said.

It will be a long time before JOB is set up in every town, alongside the church and post office, as a permanent community institution. A rough road lies ahead. But it's a road that goes somewhere.

# BOOKS

FOUR HEROIC MEN ON BOARD

BY FRANCES WITHERSPOON

Condensed from the New York *Herald Tribune Book Review*\*

**SEA OF GLORY**, By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. (N.Y.: Prentice-Hall. 243 pp. \$3).

"Our Father which art in heaven . . ."

". . . in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti . . ."

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one . . ."

". . . forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive . . ."

YOUNG SOLDIERS trapped in hissing steam caught the words between dying gasps. Others, wild with panic, took courage from them for the icy leap toward heaving lifeboats. But not before they cast last reverent looks at the four figures standing at the ship's rail, arms linked, eyes upraised, the lips of each moving in the prayers of his faith.

For these were the four immortal chaplains, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, who went down with the *Dorchester* on a fatal February night, 1943, into the swirling waters of an Arctic sea. The four chaplains went down stripped of the life jackets they had torn from their bodies to give to men who in the terrible confusion had lost their own.

The old troopship, headed for Greenland, with holds jammed with hundreds of raw recruits,

plunged to her grave ripped by a torpedo from a German submarine. In the ten years since, the episode of the heroic chaplains has been text for countless speeches, subject of paintings, design for a U. S. postage stamp. But one doubts if it has ever been recalled with greater eloquence than now by the eminent literary critic of **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**.

Father Thornton's prologue, written with sensitivity to atmosphere, describes the tension that gripped passengers and crew as the *Dorchester* crawled northward. She was ill-protected by convoy, and the four chaplains united in tireless effort to soothe taut nerves. The epilogue portrays with dramatic power the final scenes of horror and heroism. Between the two are full-length portraits of the four brothers in destiny.

The reader will be struck by the admirable way in which this Catholic writer projects himself into the spiritual lives of these men, three of whose religious experiences so differed from his own: George Fox, selfless Methodist circuit-rider from Vermont, eldest of the group and veteran of the 1st World War; Clark Poling, beloved Dutch-Reformed minister from Schenectady,

\*New York City. Feb. 8, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by the Herald Tribune. Used with permission.

N. Y.; and Alexander Goode, scholarly young rabbi, of York, Pa.

With impartial sympathy Father Thornton describes Fox's ordination at the hands of his bishop; the impressive ceremonies (the same since A.D. 200) at the Hebrew seminary which made of the Jewish student a full-fledged rabbi; finally the solemn litanies in the great cathedral which consecrated John Patrick Washington "a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."

The same humor that lights up the pranks of "the Poling kids" makes us intimates of the delightful Irish family with the un-Irish name, so ready to sacrifice that the loved son might become an honored priest.

Indeed, Father Thornton's whole book seems to say once again, now in tenderness, now in drama, what we all know in our hearts—that courage and selflessness are to be found everywhere, and that above

all racial and creedal differences humanity is indissolubly one.

BY JOHN CARTER

**THE BURNING FLAME** (*The Life of Pius X*) by Francis Beauchesne Thornton. *New York, Benziger Bros., Inc., 216 pp. \$3. Indexed.* The story of Pius X is a fascinating one. Born of the humblest Italian peasant parents, he became one of the greatest Popes in the history of the Church. How did it happen? What were the ideals that molded him? What was the character of his life and the secret of his genius in dealing with people? Why is it that in a short 38 years he has been beatified and may soon be canonized?

These are some of the questions Father Thornton has answered in a fashion that will keep you delighted as you read his book. The work follows the history of Giuseppe Sarto through every step of his life. There are flashing pictures

## BOOKS

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Girls—12 to 16. *Jill Has Two Ponies*, by Ruby Ferguson (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. *Grass, Our Greatest Crop*, by Sarah R. Riedman (Thos. Nelson & Sons, \$3).

of his early days, and his priestly life in Tombolo and Salzano. You will be amused and instructed by the clever and humorous fashion in which he stopped the blasphemy of the cattle drovers in Tombolo. You will be thrilled by his amazing grasp of religion and his ability to console and help people: the poor, rich, unbelievers, the helpless, and the uninstructed.

From these early glimpses Father Thornton traces out the widening of Giuseppe Sarto's life as monsignor, Bishop of Mantua, Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, and Pope. Here, too, Father Thornton gives us the latest facts and insights on an inspiring man. The many new facts and insights are illustrated with a wealth of humorous stories bringing Pius X before you in such a fashion that you feel you know him and love him.

Did Cardinal Sarto buy a round

trip ticket to the conclave which elected him Pope? Father Thornton says No, and he gives adequate reasons for his answer. He also throws fresh light on the arguments that convinced Cardinal Sarto that God intended him to be Pope, though he himself fought against being elected.

The simplicity of this Pope, his spiritual renovation of the Church of God, his wonderful encyclicals on teaching catechism, early and frequent Communion, his massive struggles with modernism and secularism are seen in true perspective. The abundant humor of the man and the heroic character of his daily life are convincing witnesses of the supernatural splendor from which his great deeds came.

This is a warm study of the new *beatus* filled with new facts, poetry, and motion. It's the kind of a book you will read again and again.



### *I think we can AVOID WAR if:*

each one of us tries to remember that peace is not merely something abstract, concerning only nations or groups or governments, but is essentially concrete and individual. World peace is the manifestation and extension of personal virtue; world peace depends on peace of soul. Thus, every time you refrain from the sharp word,

the unjust criticism, the rash insult, you contribute positively and precisely to world peace. Astounding thought, but true: with your tiniest act of charity the possibility of world war within God's great cosmic plan becomes more remote. Peace is *your* business, and you can start right now!

Paddy O'Sullivan.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]



At London airport 39 passengers board the "Holy Ghost Special" for Nigeria. Mrs. Bolger and her baby son are the only lay passengers traveling with the four Sisters and 33 priests.

# Holy Ghost Special

On the plane to Africa, veterans enlighten new missionaries

Black Star photos

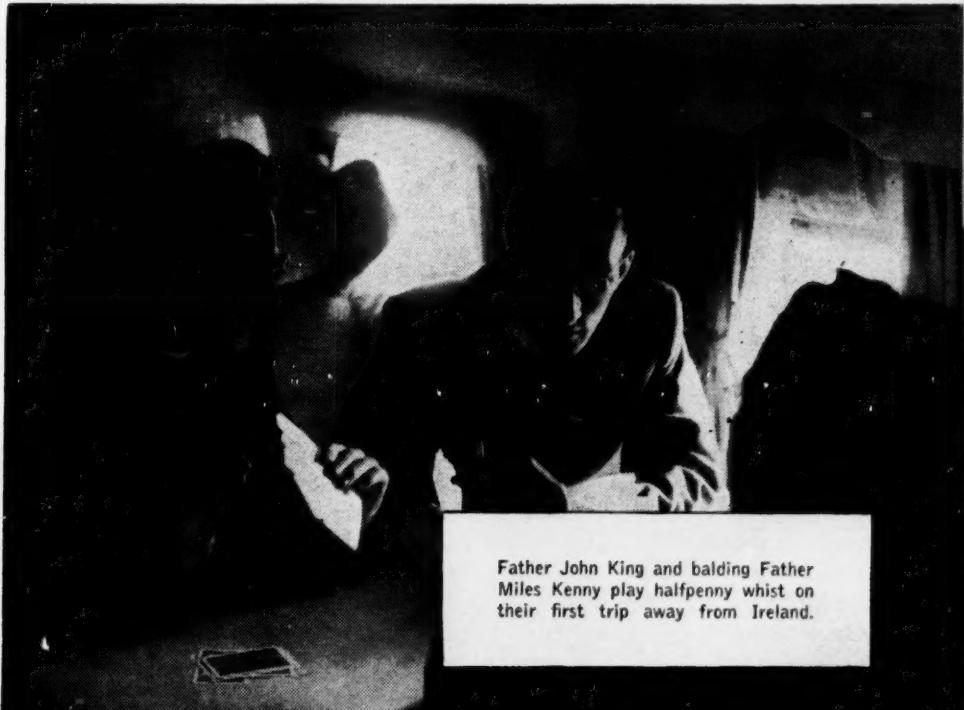
THE NOTICE chalked on the blackboard in the bare briefing room at London airport read: "*Holy Ghost Special to Lagos.*"

It seemed meaningless to the stolid English airmer, but they concealed their surprise. Then a jovial priest, peeping round the door, saw the notice. He rubbed his hands vigorously. "That's us, me boys," he

said in a brogue that smelled of the green Irish bogs. "We're the Holy Ghost Fathers, bound for the missions in Nigeria."

Four thousand miles southward, a warm, indeed, a climatically hot welcome from Equatorial West Africa and its dusky inhabitants awaited the Fathers.

Of the 39 passengers who climbed that afternoon into the chartered



Father John King and balding Father Miles Kenny play halfpenny whist on their first trip away from Ireland.



Michael Bolger, 11 months old, makes friends with Sister Bernard. Mrs. Bolger is taking him to Africa, where her husband is a teacher. Sister is returning to take charge of a mission school.

plane, the *Holy Ghost Special*, only half a dozen priests and one of the four nuns knew what they were flying to.

"The Congregatio Sancti Spiritus, our society, can't afford to send us back to Ireland more than once every five years, although most Europeans spend only 18 months at a stretch in Nigeria," cheerfully remarked a third-term veteran, Father Joseph Carter from Limerick City.

Once the plane was airborne, it quickly acquired the atmosphere of the first day of a new school

semester. The five or six old hands kept to themselves.

The new boys began to chat excitedly and even made up a four-some for whist.

It was, for nearly all the young men, the first time they had been out of Ireland. For many, it was the first time they had flown.

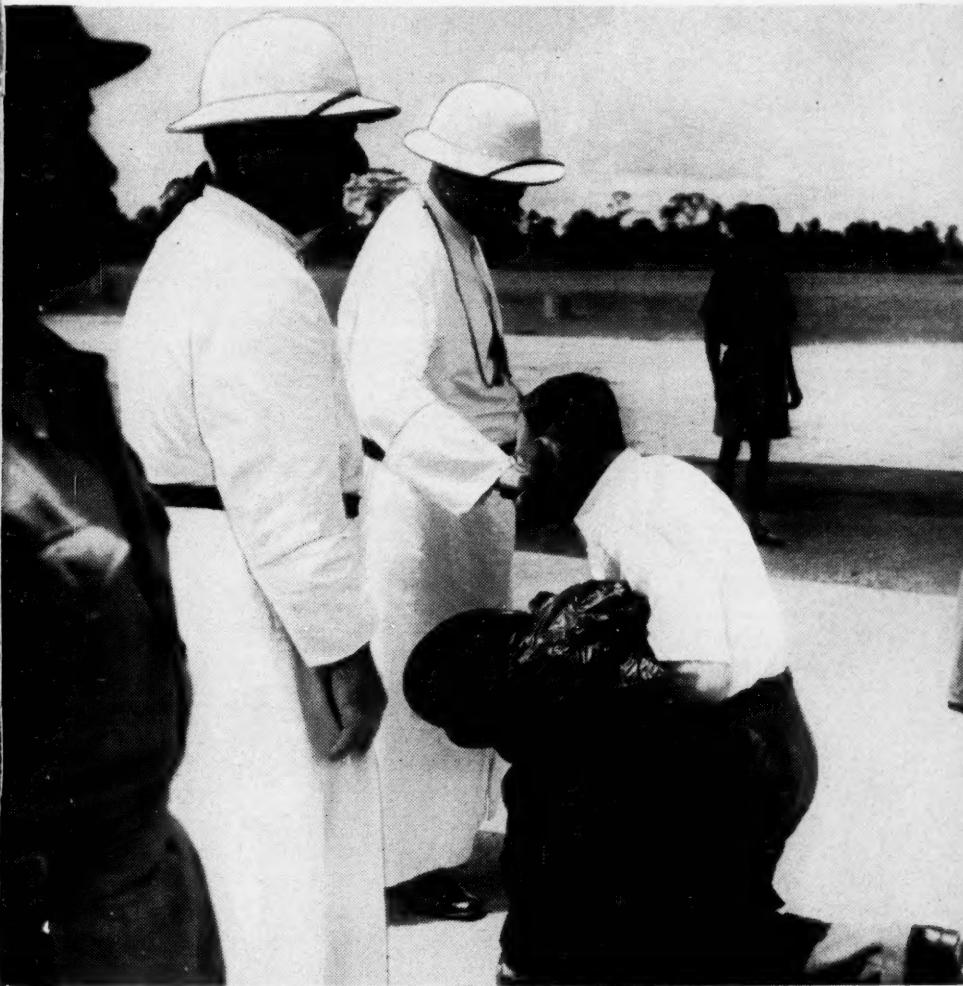
Most of the priests were young enough to have known no life other than the seminary. They had decided at school that their vocation was for the missionary and educational work the Holy Ghost Fath-

ers do in Nigeria, East Africa, Trinidad, and a few other hot, unpromising countries.

After a time, the old hands began telling stories of bush life. The

new priests were too eager and the veterans tough. But the latter, only human, began improving on the facts. "You're doing well to get a chair to sleep in tonight," grinned

At Port Harcourt, West Africa, a missionary kisses the ring of Archbishop Charles Heerey.



a lined and yellowed Irish face. "Why, when I go on tour, I often sleep in a tree!"

But when the truth began to surface, it was the stranger-than-fiction variety. There was Father Pat Sheenhan, cocky and jovial, with his scars from an attack by a chimpanzee.

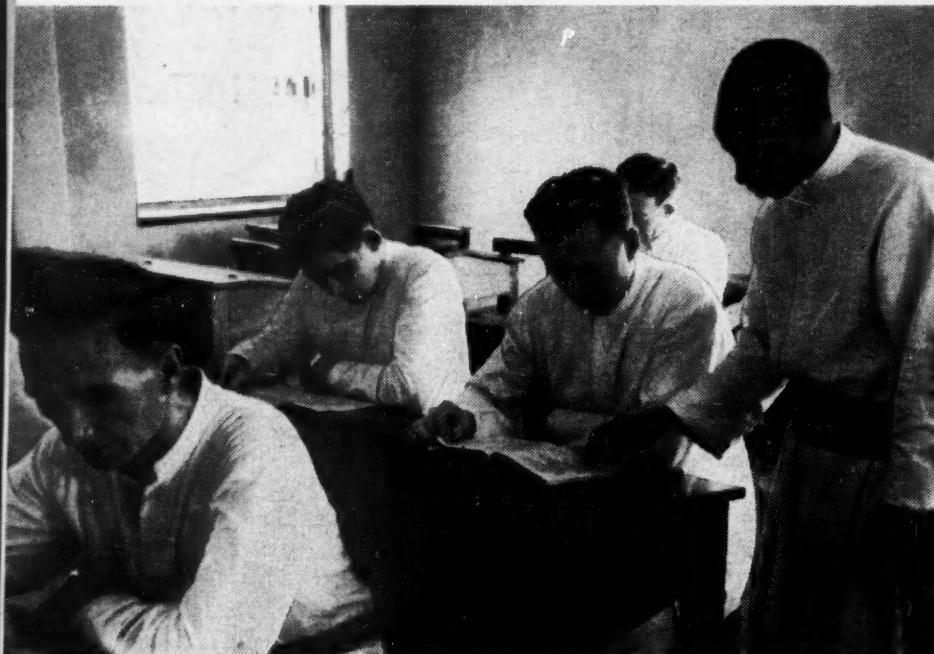
"The Nigerians are a complex race—and so suspicious of white men that they will never agree with you even if all you say is 'It's a fine day.' But you can find good points if you look hard enough!"

During his last tour, two African ward boys at Father Sheenhan's

bush hospital were in line for promotion, and were jealous of each other. "One night I was called out to treat an injured man," recounted Father Pat. "It was one of the ward boys, whose hand had been severed with a machete. The other ward boy wanted to make quite sure his competitor didn't get the better job."

Wearing their long white, and often sweat-stained cassocks, the Holy Ghost Fathers work chiefly among the Ibo tribe. These friendly people live in Nigeria east of the chrome-colored river, Benue. They also minister to the tribes of

Negro teaches white. Father Panalei teaches the new Irish missionaries the Ibo language.





At a jungle school near Port Harcourt, 34-year-old Father Gerard Healy jokes with his pupils.

the River province, the Ijaw, Kalabari, and Ogoni.

Once there were no fewer than 28 different religious sects bent on civilizing the Africans according to their particular lights. The Fathers say they have converted 4½ million persons to Catholicism, 2 million of them children.

In their work the Irish Fathers constantly meet the blank wall of fear, custom and superstition, fixed by centuries of primitive conditions.

They know, too, that the education they offer interests Nigerians far more than the alien religion they bring. And the new religion,

when they embrace it, is often a veneer, thinly spread. All too often, in times of stress, the converted Africans run to the witch doctor.

"It doesn't pay to get angry in Nigeria, no matter what the provocation," Father Carter was telling a group of new missionaries as they flew high over the monotonous bush, "but sometimes you can't help it. I got angry once when I was called to a sick African woman.

"I went to see her and found that the local witch doctor had been called as well. As soon as I spotted him I made a dive for his pots and

bags of tricks. But he was too quick for me. He was out into the bush before I could get a hand on him."

The Fathers make their rounds regularly, inspecting schools, and revitalizing mission stations. They live for weeks in crude, leaking, snake-infested mud huts. They eat chickens, yams, and eggs brought as gifts by their native congregations. "I have eaten young monkey more than once," remembers Father Healy, with a grin.

Crocodiles are an added hazard

Races are popular with kids everywhere. Sister Adrian supervises one on the convent lawn.



for priests like Father Dan O'Connell and Father Dermot Egan. Their launch, the *Santa Barbara*, built to the design of another priest, chugs along rivers and up creeks of the Order's River province, west of Port Harcourt.

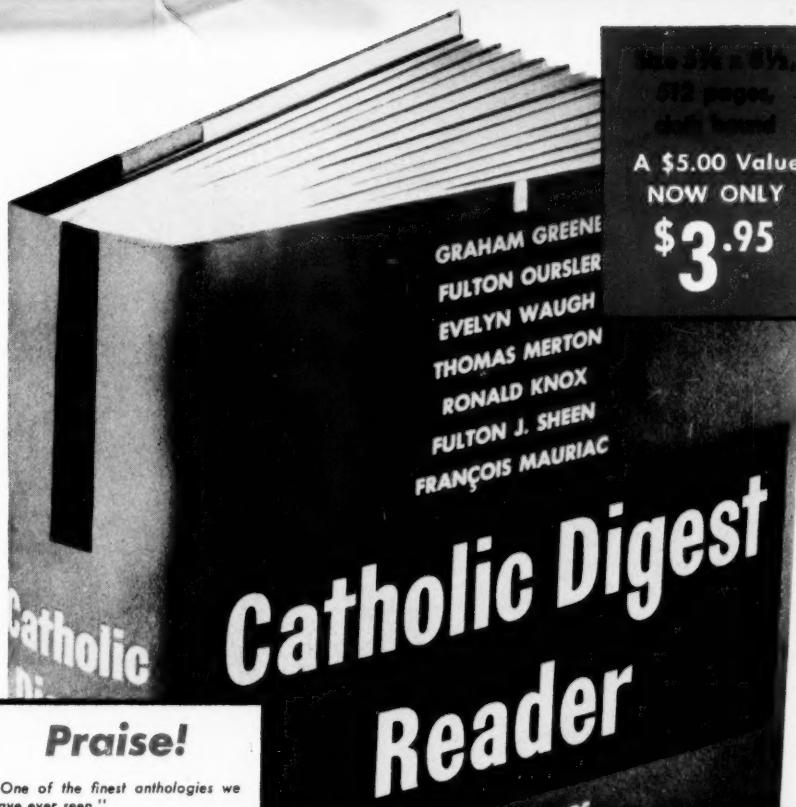
Why do these volunteers do it? Certainly not for money. The Fathers draw no pay for themselves. From the converts, financial returns are grotesquely small, but the Fathers shrug off their problems. "More than once, I have taken a collection of four cents from a congregation of 150," says one.

And Father O'Connell caps this. "The entire income last year from my parish, 250 miles along the coast and 120 miles inland, was \$96."

The plane, with its dedicated cargo, flew on through the night.

Soon they reached Port Harcourt, two hours' flight away from the sultry west-coast port of Lagos. Old missionaries and new were greeted heartily on the rain-swept airstrip.

The new men faced a bout of training, and native-language study, but the veterans were ready for the missionary fray. "Glad to be back?" echoed a veteran. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and sniffed the heavy air as if it were an Irish breeze. "Of course I'm glad. Why," he waved toward the palm trees and grinning coal-black natives, "Nigeria is the only place in the world where a man can really live!"



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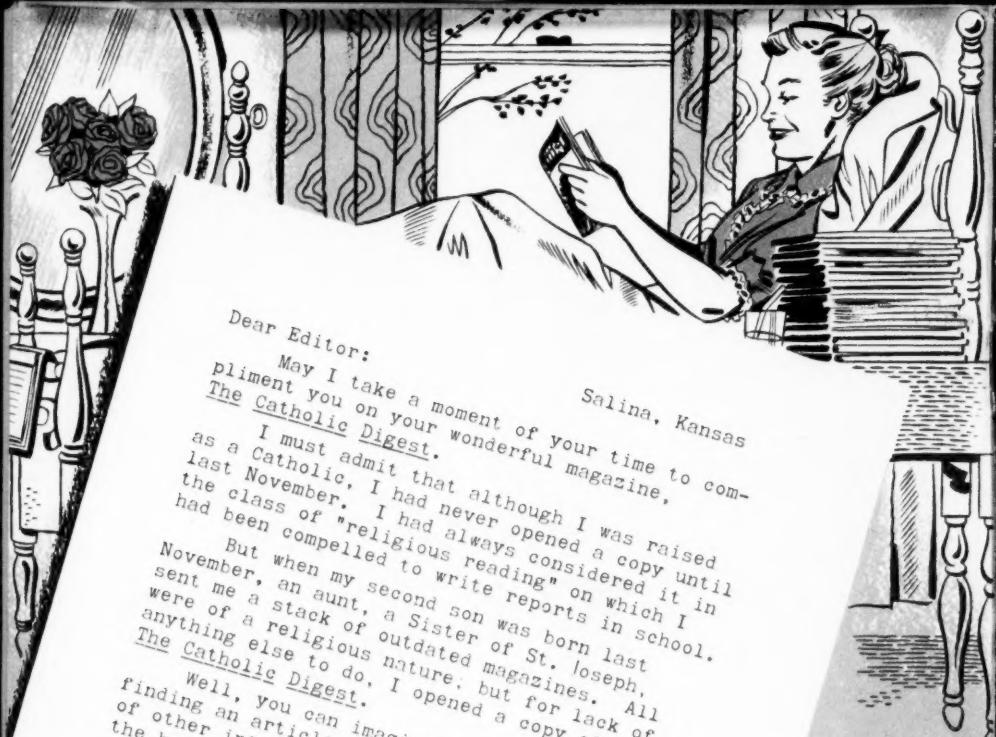
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Dear Editor:

Salina, Kansas

May I take a moment of your time to compliment you on your wonderful magazine, The Catholic Digest.

I must admit that although I was raised as a Catholic, I had never opened a copy until last November. I had always considered it in the class of "religious reading" on which I had been compelled to write reports in school.

But when my second son was born last November, an aunt, a Sister of St. Joseph, sent me a stack of outdated magazines. All were of a religious nature, but for lack of anything else to do, I opened a copy of The Catholic Digest.

Well, you can imagine my surprise at finding an article on fashions, and all sorts of other interesting things too! The days at the hospital ended too soon, so I had to continue reading at home. This is quite a task with a new baby and a boy aged one-and-a-half. But today my task is finished. I read every article of every magazine she sent. I can assure you that there will be a new magazine on our monthly list.

My husband, a convert, really sings its praises too. He was skeptical at first; but now he remarks, "I thought that all the articles would be like sermons; but I can find everything from a way to entertain my boys to news, with a little comedy thrown in."

I particularly liked "The Open Door" in the October issue.

Thank you again for editing such a marvel of good reading.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. J. L. Crawford